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WITH EXPLANATORY NOTES.

SHAKESPEARE'S
KING HENRY V.

KELLOGG.

NEW-YORK,
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ENGLISH CLASSICS,

FOR

Classes in English Literature. Reading. Grammar, etc.

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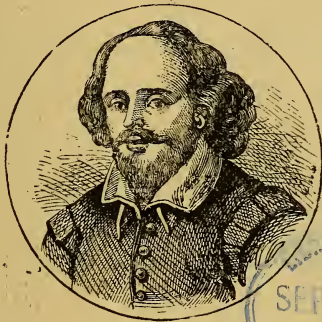
SHAKESPEARE'S KING HENRY V.

WITH
NOTES, EXAMINATION PAPERS, AND PLAN
OF PREPARATION.

(SELECTED.)

BY BRAINERD KELLOGG, A.M.,

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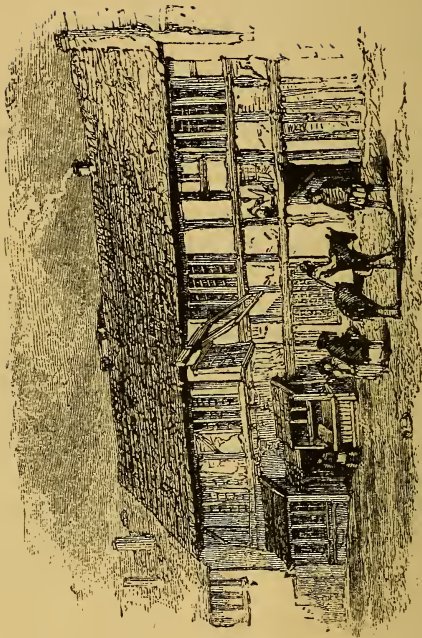
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EDITOR'S NOTE.

THE text here presented, adapted for use in mixed classes, has been carefully collated with that of six or seven of the latest and best editions. Where there was any disagreement those readings have been adopted which seemed most reasonable and were supported by the best authority.

Professor Meiklejohn's exhaustive notes form the substance of those here used ; and his plan, as set forth in the "General Notice" annexed, has been carried out in these volumes. But as these plays are intended rather for pupils in school and college than for ripe Shakespearian scholars, we have not hesitated to prune his notes of whatever was thought to be too learned for our purpose, or on other grounds was deemed irrelevant to it. The notes of other English editors have been freely incorporated.

B. K.



THE HOUSE IN WHICH SHAKESPEARE WAS BORN.

From a Drawing by J. W. Archer.

GENERAL NOTICE.

“AN attempt has been made in these new editions to interpret Shakespeare by the aid of Shakespeare himself. The Method of Comparison has been constantly employed ; and the language used by him in one place has been compared with the language used in other places in similar circumstances, as well as with older English and with newer English. The text has been as carefully and as thoroughly annotated as the text of any Greek or Latin classic.

“The first purpose in this elaborate annotation is, of course the full working out of Shakespeare’s meaning. The Editor has in all circumstances taken as much pains with this as if he had been making out the difficult and obscure terms of a will in which he himself was personally interested ; and he submits that this thorough excavation of the meaning of a really profound thinker is one of the very best kinds of training that a boy or girl can receive at school. This is to read the very mind of Shakespeare, and to weave his thoughts into the fibre of one’s own mental constitution. And always new rewards come to the careful reader—in the shape of new meanings, recognition of

thoughts he had before missed, of relations between the characters that had hitherto escaped him. For reading Shakespeare is just like examining Nature; there are no hollownesses, there is no scamped work, for Shakespeare is as patiently exact and as first-hand as Nature herself.

“ Besides this thorough working-out of Shakespeare’s meaning, advantage has been taken of the opportunity to teach his English—to make each play an introduction to the ENGLISH OF SHAKESPEARE. For this purpose copious collections of similar phrases have been gathered from other plays; his idioms have been dwelt upon; his peculiar use of words; his style and his rhythm. Some Teachers may consider that too many instances are given; but, in teaching, as in everything else, the old French saying is true: *Assez n’y a, s’il trop n’y a*. The Teacher need not require each pupil to give him *all* the instances collected. If each gives one or two, it will probably be enough; and, among them all, it is certain that one or two will stick in the memory. It is probable that, for those pupils who do not study either Greek or Latin, this close examination of every word and phrase in the text of Shakespeare will be the best substitute that can be found for the study of the ancient classics.

“ It were much to be hoped that Shakespeare should become more and more of a study, and that every boy and girl should have a thorough knowledge of at least one play of Shakespeare before leaving school. It would be one of the best lessons in human life, without the chance of a polluting or degrading experience. It would also have the effect of bringing back into the too pale and formal English of modern times a large number of pithy and

vigorous phrases which would help to develop as well as to reflect vigor in the characters of the readers. Shakespeare used the English language with more power than any other writer that ever lived—he made it do more and say more than it had ever done ; he made it speak in a more original way ; and his combinations of words are perpetual provocations and invitations to originality and to newness of insight.”—J. M. D. MEIKLEJOHN, M.A.,
Professor of the Theory, History, and Practice of Education in the University of St. Andrews.

PLAN OF STUDY

FOR

‘PERFECT POSSESSION.’

To attain to the standard of ‘Perfect Possession,’ the reader ought to have an intimate and ready knowledge of the subject. (See opposite page.)

The student ought, first of all, to read the play as a pleasure; then to read it over again, with his mind upon the characters and the plot; and lastly, to read it for the meanings, grammar, &c.

With the help of the scheme, he can easily draw up for himself short examination papers (1) on each scene, (2) on each act, (3) on the whole play. (See page 149.)

1. The Plot and Story of the Play.

- (a) The general plot ;
- (b) The special incidents.

2. The Characters: Ability to give a connected account of all that is done and most of what is said by each character in the play.**3. The Influence and Interplay of the Characters upon each other.**

- (a) Relation of A to B and of B to A ;
- (b) Relation of A to C and D.

4. Complete Possession of the Language.

- (a) Meanings of words ;
- (b) Use of old words, or of words in an old meaning ;
- (c) Grammar ;
- (d) Ability to quote lines to illustrate a grammatical point.

5. Power to Reproduce, or Quote.

- (a) What was said by A or B on a particular occasion ;
- (b) What was said by A in reply to B ;
- (c) What argument was used by C at a particular juncture ;
- (d) To quote a line in instance of an idiom or of a peculiar meaning.

6. Power to Locate.

- (a) To attribute a line or statement to a certain person on a certain occasion ;
- (b) To cap a line ;
- (c) To fill in the right word or epithet.

INTRODUCTION TO KING HENRY V.

IN the Epilogue to *King Henry IV., Part II.*, it is said, "If you be not too much cloyed with fat meat, our humble author will continue the story, with Sir John in it, and make you merry with fair Katharine of France;" and in the play of *King Henry V.* we have the fulfilment of the dramatist's promise. The stage was already in possession of a play entitled *The famous Victories of Henry the Fifth*, but Shakespeare made no use of this in the composition of his play. He drew largely for the historical facts upon the *Chronicles of Holinshed*, a second edition of which had been issued in 1587.

The date of the composition of *King Henry V.* would seem to be 1599. It is not mentioned by Meres in his *Palladis Tamia*, 1598; but that it was written shortly afterward may be inferred from a passage of the Chorus before Act V., which evidently refers to Lord Essex, who was sent on an expedition to Ireland, April 15, 1599, and returned to London on the 28th of September in the same year.

The reign of Henry V. extended over a period of

somewhat more than nine years and five months. It began on the 21st of March, 1413, and terminated with his death at Bois de Vincennes, in France, on the 31st of August, 1422—

“ Small time, but in that small most greatly liv'd
This star of England ! ”

Shakespeare felt how very inadequate a theatrical representation was to portray the great events and martial glories of Henry's reign ; and both in the Prologue and in the concluding address of the Chorus he makes apologetic reference to the subject. Henry V. was one of the most popular, as he was among the bravest, of English monarchs. As a conqueror he was stern and ambitious, but not cruel, and won over his enemies by tact and clemency. The splendid victory at Agincourt embalmed his name and memory ; and, for generations after his death, his magnificent tomb in Westminster Abbey, surmounted by his bruised helmet and shield, was regarded with the honor and reverence paid to sainted relics.

Shakespeare begins his drama with the conferences relative to Henry's pretensions to the crown of France, and the operation of the Salique law. The monarch's claim, as the representative of Isabella, wife of Edward II., was in reality inadmissible and absurd ; but France was then in a wretched condition, burdened with an imbecile monarch, and torn by factions, Henry was ambitious and warlike, and the English were ever ready for

arms and conquest. Ambassadors from the Dauphin appeared, and fruitless negotiations were entered into, at the close of which Henry announced to his great council at Westminster, in April, 1415, that it was his firm purpose to make a voyage in his own proper person, "by the grace of God, to recover his inheritance." The poet touches upon the treasonable conspiracy of the Earl of Cambridge to place his brother-in-law, Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March, on the throne, in which Cambridge was joined by Lord Scroop and Sir Thomas Grey; but the plot failed, and the conspirators were condemned to the block. This abortive effort retarded but slightly the expedition against France, and Henry with his victorious soldiers was soon scaling the wall of Harfleur. The battle of Agincourt follows, precluded by a series of stirring incidents, and by speeches breathing martial ardor and undaunted courage; and the great victory is described with the utmost dramatic effect and with strong national feeling. The calm heroism and devotion of the English are contrasted with the levity and overweening confidence of the French; and, as the latter were numerically as five to one, the English might be pardoned for some national vanity and exultation at the result. After this, we have a gap of between four and five years, bridged over by the narrative speech of the Chorus, and the play closes with the espousals of the triumphant English monarch and Katharine of Valois, which were solemnized at Troyes (in 1420) with unwonted splendor.

The comic business of the drama, besides representing

Henry as a lover, where he is seen to least advantage, and giving us the *badinage* of French nobles and English soldiers, brings before us again the wild revellers of Eastcheap, Pistol and Bardolph, with Nym and Mrs. Quickly, the hostess, now married to Pistol. A new character, Fluellen, a brave, garrulous, and pedantic Welshman, is introduced, and heightens greatly the humor of the scene. Falstaff, contrary to the poet's promise, has disappeared from the stage; the king had "killed his heart;" but Mrs. Quickly's description of the dying scene is a marvellous sketch from nature—a photograph over which we may both laugh and cry, and which can never be forgotten. Strict moral, if not poetical, justice is dealt out to those marauding auxiliaries of the camp. Nym and Bardolph are hanged, and Pistol, after swaggering through the play as the most amusing of braggarts, is beaten by Fluellen, and made to "eat his leek" as a "counterfeit, cowardly knave." By this time, Mrs. Quickly was gone—she had died in the "'spital"—and Pistol's rendezvous being quite cut off, he returns to England to—steal.

"And patches will I get unto these scars,
And swear I got them in the Gallia wars."

These scenes of low life and humor are, by the plastic powers of the poet, made to harmonize wonderfully with the martial and national character of the play, besides imparting to the shifting scenes an air of truth and nature. The grand object of the poet was to commem-

orate the battle of Agincourt. Schlegel has truly said, "The sympathetic affinity by which Shakespeare came into most direct contact with his fellow-creatures was his patriotism." But his comedy was no less thoroughly English, and was as highly appreciated.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING HENRY THE FIFTH.

DUKE OF GLOSTER, } *brothers to the king.*
DUKE OF BEDFORD, }

DUKE OF EXETER, *uncle to the king.* -

DUKE OF YORK, *cousin to the king.*

EARLS OF SALISBURY, WESTMORELAND, and WARWICK.

ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

BISHOP OF ELY.

EARL OF CAMBRIDGE.

LORD SCROOP,

SIR THOMAS GREY.

SIR THOMAS ERPINGHAM, GOWER, FLUELLEN, MACMOR-
RIS, JAMY, *officers in King Henry's army.*

BATES, COURT, WILLIAMS, *soldiers in the same.*

PISTOL, NYM, BARDOLPH.

Boy.

A Herald.

CHARLES THE SIXTH, *king of France.*

LEWIS, *the Dauphin.*

DUKES OF BURGUNDY, ORLEANS, and BOURBON.

The Constable of France.

RAMBURES and GRANDPRE, *French lords.*

Governor of Harfleur.

MONTJOY, *a French herald.*

Ambassadors to the king of England.

ISABEL, *queen of France.*

KATHARINE, *daughter to Charles and Isabel.*

ALICE, *a lady attending on her.*

Hostess of a tavern in Eastcheap (*formerly Mrs. Quickly, and now married to Pistol.*)

Lords, Ladies, Officers, Soldiers, Citizens, Messengers, and Attendants.

CHORUS.

SCENE—IN ENGLAND AND IN FRANCE.

KING HENRY V.

PROLOGUE.

Enter CHORUS.

Chorus. O, for a Muse of fire, that would
ascend

The brightest heaven of invention,
A kingdom for a stage, princes to act,
And monarchs to behold the swelling scene!
Then should the warlike Harry, like himself, 5
Assume the port of Mars; and, at his heels,
Leash'd in like hounds, should Famine, Sword,
and Fire

Crouch for employment. But, pardon, gentles all,
The flat, unraisèd spirits that have dared
On this unworthy scaffold to bring forth 10
So great an object. Can this cockpit hold

The vasty fields of France? or may we cram
Within this wooden O the very casques
That did affright the air at Agincourt?
O, pardon! since a crooked figure may 15
Attest, in little place, a million;

And let us, ciphers to this great accompt,
On your imaginary forces work.
Suppose within the girdle of these walls
Are now confin'd two mighty monarchies, 20
Whose high upreared and abutting fronts

The perilous, narrow ocean parts asunder.
 Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts ;
 Into a thousand parts divide one man,
 25 And make imaginary puissance :
 Think, when we talk of horses, that you see them
 Printing their proud hoofs i' the receiving earth :
 For 'tis your thoughts that now must deck our
 kings,
 Carry them here and there, jumping o'er times,
 30 Turning the accomplishment of many years
 Into an hour-glass ; for the which supply,
 Admit me Chorus to this history ;
 Who, prologue-like, your humble patience pray
 Gently to hear, kindly to judge, our play. [*Exit.*

 ACT I.

SCENE I.—*London. An antechamber in the
 KING'S Palace.*

Enter ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY *and* BISHOP OF
 ELY.

Cant. My lord, I'll tell you—that self bill is
 urg'd
 Which in the eleventh year of the last king's reign
 Was like, and had indeed against us pass'd,
 But that the scrambling and unquiet time
 5 Did push it out of farther question.

Ely. But how, my lord, shall we resist it now ?

Cant. It must be thought on. If it pass
 against us,

We lose the better half of our possession ;
 For all the temporal lands which men devout
 By testament have given to the church 10
 Would they strip from us ; being valued thus :—
 As much as would maintain, to the king's honor,
 Full fifteen earls and fifteen hundred knights,
 Six thousand and two hundred good esquires ;
 And, to relief of lazars and weak age, 15
 Of indigent faint souls past corporal toil,
 A hundred almshouses right well supplied ;
 And to the coffers of the king beside,
 A thousand pounds by the year : thus runs the
 bill.

Ely. This would drink deep. 20

Cant. 'Twould drink the cup and all.

Ely. But what prevention ?

Cant. The king is full of grace and fair regard.

Ely. And a true lover of the holy church.

Cant. The courses of his youth promis'd it not. 25

The breath no sooner left his father's body
 But that his wildness, mortified in him,
 Seem'd to die too : yea, at that very moment,
 Consideration, like an angel, came
 And whipp'd the offending Adam out of him, 30
 Leaving his body as a paradise
 'To envelop and contain celestial spirits.
 Never was such a sudden scholar made ;
 Never came reformation in a flood,
 With such a heady currance, scouring faults ; 35
 Nor never Hydra-headed wilfulness
 So soon did lose his seat, and all at once,
 As in this king.

Ely. We are blessed in the change.

Cant. Hear him but reason in divinity, 40

- And, all-admiring, with an inward wish
 You would desire the king were made a prelate :
 Hear him debate of commonwealth affairs,
 You would say it hath been all in all his study :
 45 List his discourse of war, and you shall hear
 A fearful battle render'd you in music :
 Turn him to any cause of policy,
 The Gordian knot of it he will unloose,
 Familiar as his garter : that, when he speaks,
 50 The air, a charter'd libertine, is still,
 And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears
 To steal his sweet and honey'd sentences ;
 So that the art and practic part of life
 Must be the mistress to this theoric :
 55 Which is a wonder how his grace should glean it,
 Since his addiction was to courses vain ;
 His companies unletter'd, rude, and shallow ;
 His hours fill'd up with riots, banquets, sports ;
 And never noted in him any study,
 60 Any retirement, any sequestration
 From open haunts and popularity.

Ely. The strawberry grows underneath the
 nettle ;

- And wholesome berries thrive and ripen best
 Neighbour'd by fruit of baser quality :
 65 And so the prince obscur'd his contemplation
 Under the veil of wildness ; which, no doubt,
 Grew like the summer grass, fastest by night,
 Unseen, yet crescive in his faculty.

- Cant.* It must be so ; for miracles are ceas'd ;
 70 And therefore we must needs admit the means
 How things are perfected.

Ely. But, my good lord,
 How now for mitigation of this bill

Urg'd by the commons? Doth his majesty
Incline to it, or no?

75

Cant. He seems indifferent,
Or, rather, swaying more upon our part
Than cherishing the exhibitors against us:
For I have made an offer to his majesty—

Upon our spiritual convocation,
And in regard of causes now in hand,
Which I have open'd to his grace at large,
As touching France—to give a greater sum
Than ever at one time the clergy yet
Did to his predecessors part withal.

80

85

Ely. How did this offer seem receiv'd, my lord?

Cant. With good acceptance of his majesty;
Save that there was not time enough to hear,
As I perceiv'd his grace would fain have done,
The severals and unhidden passages
Of his true titles to some certain dukedoms,
And, generally, to the crown and seat of France
Deriv'd from Edward, his great-grandfather.

90

Ely. What was the impediment that broke
this off?

Cant. The French ambassador upon that in-
stant
Crav'd audience, and the hour, I think, is come
To give him hearing: is it four o'clock?

95

Ely. It is.

Cant. Then go we in to know his embassy;
Which I could, with a ready guess, declare
Before the Frenchman speak a word of it.

100

Ely. I'll wait upon you, and I long to hear it.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The same. A Room of State in the same.*

Enter KING HENRY, GLOSTER, BEDFORD, EXETER,
WARWICK, WESTMORELAND, *and* Attendants.

K. Hen. Where is my gracious Lord of Canterbury?

Exe. Not here in presence.

K. Hen. Send for him, good uncle.

West. Shall we call in the ambassador, my liege?

5 *K. Hen.* Not yet, my cousin; we would be resolv'd,

Before we hear him, of some things of weight
That task our thoughts, concerning us and France.

Enter ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY *and* BISHOP OF ELY.

Cant. God and his angels guard your sacred throne,

And make you long become it!

K. Hen. Sure, we thank you.

10 My learned lord, we pray you to proceed,

And justly and religiously unfold

Why the law Salique that they have in France

Or should, or should not, bar us in our claim.

And God forbid, my dear and faithful lord,

15 That you should fashion, wrest, or bow your reading,

Or nicely charge your understanding soul

With opening titles miscreate, whose right

Suits not in native colors with the truth;

For God doth know how many now in health
 Shall drop their blood in approbation 20
 Of what your reverence shall incite us to :
 Therefore take heed how you impawn our person,
 How you awake our sleeping sword of war :
 We charge you, in the name of God, take heed :
 For never two such kingdoms did contend 25
 Without much fall of blood ; whose guiltless drops
 Are every one a woe, a sore complaint
 'Gainst him whose wrongs give edge unto the
 swords
 That make such waste in brief mortality.
 Under this conjuration speak, my lord : 30
 For we will hear, note, and believe in heart
 That what you speak is in your conscience wash'd
 As pure as sin with baptism.

Cant. Then hear me, gracious sovereign, and
 you peers,
 That owe yourselves, your lives, and services 35
 To this imperial throne. There is no bar
 To make against your highness' claim to France
 But this, which they produce from Pharamond—
 "*In terram Salicam mulieres ne succedant,*"
 "No woman shall succeed in Salique land : " 40
 Which Salique land the French unjustly gloze
 To be the realm of France, and Pharamond
 The founder of this law and female bar.
 Yet their own authors faithfully affirm
 That the land Salique is in Germany, 45
 Between the floods of Sala and of Elbe :
 Where Charles the Great, having subdued the
 Saxons,
 There left behind and settled certain French ;
 Who, holding in disdain the German women

- 50 For some dishonest manners of their life,
Establish'd then this law ; to wit, no female
Should be inheritrix in Salique land ;
Which Salique, as I said, 'twixt Elbe and Sala,
Is at this day in Germany call'd Meisen.
- 55 Then doth it well appear the Salique law
Was not devised for the realm of France ;
Nor did the French possess the Salique land
Until four hundred one and twenty years
After defunction of King Pharamond,
- 60 Idly suppos'd the founder of this law ;
Who died within the year of our redemption
Four hundred twenty-six ; and Charles the Great
Subdued the Saxons, and did seat the French
Beyond the river Sala, in the year
- 65 Eight hundred five. Besides, their writers say
King Pepin, which deposed Childerick,
Did, as heir general, being descended
Of Blithild, which was daughter to King Clothair,
Make claim and title to the crown of France.
- 70 Hugh Capet also—who usurp'd the crown
Of Charles the Duke of Lorraine, sole heir-male
Of the true line and stock of Charles the Great—
To find his title with some shows of truth,
(Though, in pure truth, it was corrupt and naught),
- 75 Convey'd himself as heir to the Lady Lingare,
Daughter to Charlemain, who was the son
To Lewis the emperor, and Lewis the son
Of Charles the Great. Also King Lewis the Tenth,
Who was sole heir to the usurper Capet,
- 80 Could not keep quiet in his conscience,
Wearing the Crown of France, till satisfied
That fair Queen Isabel, his grandmother,
Was lineal of the Lady Ermengare,

Daughter to Charles the foresaid Duke of Lorraine :
 By the which marriage, the line of Charles the
 Great 85

Was re-united to the crown of France.
 So that, as clear as is the summer's sun,
 King Pepin's title, and Hugh Capet's claim,
 King Lewis his satisfaction,—all appear
 To hold in right and title of the female. 90

So do the kings of France unto this day :
 Howbeit they would hold up this Salique law
 To bar your highness claiming from the female,
 And rather choose to hide them in a net
 Than amply to imbar their crooked titles 95
 Usurp'd from you and your progenitors.

K. Hen. May I with right and conscience
 make this claim ?

Cant. The sin upon my head, dread sovereign !
 For in the book of Numbers is it writ,—
 When the man dies, let the inheritance 100
 Descend unto the daughter. Gracious lord,
 Stand for your own ; unwind your bloody flag ;
 Look back into your mighty ancestors :
 Go, my dread lord, to your great-grandsire's tomb,
 From whom you claim ; invoke his warlike spirit, 105
 And your great-uncle's, Edward the Black Prince ;
 Who on the French ground play'd a tragedy,
 Making defeat on the full power of France ;
 Whiles his most mighty father on a hill
 Stood smiling to behold his lion's whelp 110
 Forage in blood of French nobility.
 O noble English, that could entertain
 With half their forces the full pride of France,
 And let another half stand laughing by,
 All out of work and cold for action ! 115

Ely. Awake remembrance of these valiant
dead,

And with your puissant arm renew their feats :
You are their heir, you sit upon their throne ;
The blood and courage that renowned them
120 Runs in your veins ; and my thrice-puissant liege
Is in the very May-morn of his youth,
Ripe for exploits and mighty enterprises.

Exe. Your brother kings and monarchs of the
earth

Do all expect that you should rouse yourself,
125 As did the former lions of your blood.

West. They know your grace hath cause and
means and might :

So hath your highness ; never king of England
Had nobles richer and more loyal subjects,
Whose hearts have left their bodies here in Eng-
land,
130 And lie pavilion'd in the fields of France.

Cant. O, let their bodies follow, my dear liege,
With blood and sword and fire to win your right :
In aid whereof, we of the spirituality
Will raise your highness such a mighty sum
135 As never did the clergy at one time
Bring in to any of your ancestors.

K. Hen. We must not only arm to invade the
French
But lay down our proportions to defend
Against the Scot, who will make road upon us
140 With all advantages.

Cant. They of those marches, gracious sover-
eign,
Shall be a wall sufficient to defend
Our inland from the pilfering borderers.

K. Hen. We do not mean the coursing snatch-
ers only,

But fear the main intendment of the Scot, 145
Who hath been still a giddy neighbour to us ;
For you shall read that my great-grandfather
Never went with his forces into France
But that the Scot on his unfurnish'd kingdom
Came pouring, like the tide into a breach, 150
With ample and brim fulness of his force,
Galling the gleanèd land with hot essays,
Girding with grievous siege castles and towns ;
That England, being empty of defence,
Hath shook and trembled at the ill neighbourhood. 155

Cant. She hath been then more fear'd than
harm'd, my liege :

For hear her but exemplèd by herself :
When all her chivalry hath been in France,
And she a mourning widow of her nobles,
She hath herself not only well defended 160
But taken and impounded as a stray
The king of Scots ; whom she did send to France,
To fill King Edward's fame with prisoner kings,
And make her chronicle as rich with praise
As is the ooze and bottom of the sea 165
With sunken wreck and sumless treasures.

West. But there's a saying, very old and true,—

“ If that you will France win,
Then with Scotland first begin ; ”

For once the eagle England being in prey,
To her unguarded nest the weasel Scot
Comes sneaking, and so sucks her princely eggs, 170
Playing the mouse, in absence of the cat,
To tear and havoc more than she can eat.

Exe. It follows, then, the cat must stay at home :

Yet that is but a crush'd necessity,
 175 Since we have locks to safeguard necessities,
 And pretty traps to catch the petty thieves.
 While that the armèd hand both fight abroad,
 The advisèd head defends itself at home :
 For government, though high and low and lower,
 180 Put into parts, doth keep in one consent ;
 Congreeing in a full and natural close,
 Like music.

Cant. Therefore doth Heaven divide
 The state of man in divers functions,
 185 Setting endeavor in continual motion ;
 To which is fixèd, as an aim or butt,
 Obedience : for so work the honey-bees,
 Creatures that by a rule in nature teach
 The act of order to a peopled kingdom.
 190 They have a king and officers of sorts :
 Where some, like magistrates, correct at home,
 Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad,
 Others, like soldiers, armèd in their stings,
 Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds,
 195 Which pillage they with merry march bring home
 To the tent-royal of their emperor :
 Who, busied in his majesty, surveys
 The singing masons building roofs of gold,
 The civil citizens kneading up the honey,
 200 The poor mechanic porters crowding in
 Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate,
 The sad-ey'd justice, with his surly hum,
 Delivering o'er to éxecutors pale
 The lazy yawning drone. I this infer,—
 205 That many things, having full reference

To one consent, may work contrariously :
 As many arrows, loosed several ways,
 Come to one mark ; as many ways meet in one
 town ;

As many fresh streams meet in one salt sea ;
 As many lines close in the dial's centre ; 210

So may a thousand actions, once afoot,
 End in one purpose, and be all well borne
 Without defeat. Therefore to France, my liege.
 Divide your happy England into four ;
 Whereof take you one quarter into France, 215
 And you withal shall make all Gallia shake.

If we, with thrice such powers left at home,
 Cannot defend our own doors from the dog,
 Let us be worried, and our nation lose
 The name of hardiness and policy. 220

K. Hen. Call in the messengers sent from the
 Dauphin. [*Exit an Attendant.*]

Now are we well resolv'd ; and, by God's help,
 And yours, the noble sinews of our power,
 France being ours, we'll bend it to our awe,
 Or break it all to pieces. Or there we'll sit 225

Ruling in large and ample empery
 O'er France and all her almost kingly dukedoms,
 Or lay these bones in an unworthy urn,
 Tombless, with no remembrance over them :
 Either our history shall with full mouth 230

Speak freely of our acts, or else our grave,
 Like Turkish mute, shall have a tongueless mouth,
 Not worshipp'd with a waxen epitaph.

Enter Ambassadors of France.

Now are we well prepar'd to know the pleasure
 Of our fair cousin Dauphin ; for we hear 235

Your greeting is from him, not from the king.

Amb. May't please your majesty to give us
leave

Freely to render what we have in charge?

Or shall we sparingly show you far off

240 The Dauphin's meaning and our embassy?

K. Hen. We are no tyrant, but a Christian
king;

Unto whose grace our passion is as subject

As are our wretches fetter'd in our prisons:

Therefore with frank and with uncurbed plainness

245 Tell us the Dauphin's mind.

Amb.

Thus, then, in few.

Your highness, lately sending into France,

Did claim some certain dukedoms, in the right

Of your great predecessor, King Edward the

Third.

250 In answer of which claim, the prince our master

Says that you savor too much of your youth,

And bids you be advis'd there's naught in France

That can be with a nimble galliard won:

You cannot revel into dukedoms there.

255 He therefore sends you, meeter for your spirit,

This tun of treasure; and, in lieu of this,

Desires you let the dukedoms that you claim

Hear no more of you. This the Dauphin speaks.

K. Hen. What treasure, uncle?

260 *Exe.*

Tennis-balls, my liege.

K. Hen. We are glad the Dauphin is so pleas-
ant with us;

His present and your pains we thank you for:

When we have match'd our rackets to these balls,

We will in France, by God's grace, play a set

265 Shall strike his father's crown into the hazard.

Tell him he hath made a match with such a
 wrangler
That all the courts of France will be disturb'd
With chaces. And we understand him well,
How he comes o'er us with our wilder days,
Not measuring what use we made of them. 270
We never valued this poor seat of England ;
And therefore, living hence, did give ourself
To barbarous license ; as 'tis ever common
That men are merriest when they are from
 home.
But tell the Dauphin I will keep my state, 275
Be like a king, and show my sail of greatness
When I do rouse me in my throne of France :
For that I have laid by my majesty,
And plodded like a man for working-days ;
But I will rise there with so full a glory 280
That I will dazzle all the eyes of France,
Yea, strike the Dauphin blind to look on us.
And tell the pleasant prince this mock of his
Hath turn'd his balls to gun-stones ; and his soul
Shall stand sore charged for the wasteful ven-
 geance 285
That shall fly with them : for many a thousand
 widows
Shall this his mock mock out of their dear hus-
 bands ;
Mock mothers from their sons, mock castles down :
And some are yet ungotten and unborn
That shall have cause to curse the Dauphin's
 scorn. 290
But this lies all within the will of God,
To whom I do appeal ; and in whose name,
Tell you the Dauphin I am coming on

To venge me as I may and to put forth
 295 My rightful hand in a well-hallow'd cause.
 So, get you hence in peace ; and tell the Dauphin
 His jest will savor but of shallow wit,
 When thousands weep more than did laugh at it.
 Convey them with safe-conduct.—Fare you well.
 [Exeunt Ambassadors.]

300 *Exe.* This was a merry message.
K. Hen. We hope to make the sender blush
 at it.

Therefore, my lords, omit no happy hour
 That may give furtherance to our expedition :
 For we have now no thought in us but France,
 305 Save those to God, that run before our business.
 Therefore let our proportions for these wars
 Be soon collected, and all things thought upon
 That may with reasonable swiftness add
 More feathers to our wings ; for, God before,
 310 We'll chide this Dauphin at his father's door.
 Therefore let every man now task his thought
 That this fair action may on foot be brought.
 [Exeunt.]

 ACT II.

PROLOGUE.

Enter CHORUS.

Chor. Now all the youth of England are on
 fire,
 And silken dalliance in the wardrobe lies ;
 Now thrive the armorers, and honor's thought

Reigns solely in the breast of every man.
They sell the pasture now to buy the horse ; 5
Following the mirror of all Christian kings,
With winged heels, as English Mercuries.
For now sits Expectation in the air ;
And hides a sword, from hilts unto the point,
With crowns imperial, crowns and coronets, 10
Promis'd to Harry and his followers.
The French, advis'd by good intelligence
Of this most dreadful preparation,
Shake in their fear, and with pale policy
Seek to divert the English purposes. 15
O England ! model to thy inward greatness,
Like little body with a mighty heart,
What mightst thou do that honor would thee do,
Were all thy children kind and natural !
But see thy fault ! France hath in thee found out 20
A nest of hollow bosoms, which he fills
With treacherous crowns ; and three corrupted
men—
One, Richard Earl of Cambridge ; and the second,
Henry Lord Scroop of Masham ; and the third,
Sir Thomas Grey, knight, of Northumberland— 25
Have, for the gilt of France (O guilt indeed !)
Confirm'd conspiracy with fearful France ;
And by their hands this grace of kings must die,
If hell and treason hold their promises,
Ere he take ship for France, and in Southampton. 30
Linger your patience on, and we'll digest
The abuse of distance [while we] force a play.
The sum is paid ; the traitors are agreed ;
The king is set from London ; and the scene
Is now transported, gentles, to Southampton : 35
There is the playhouse now, there must you sit :

And thence to France shall we convey you safe,
 And bring you back, charming the narrow seas
 To give you gentle pass ; for, if we may,
 40 We'll not offend one stomach with our play.
 But, till the king come forth, and not till then,
 Unto Southampton do we shift our scene. [*Exit.*]

SCENE I.—*London. Before the Boar's-Head
 Tavern, Eastcheap.*

Enter, severally, NYM and BARDOLPH.

Bard. Well met, Corporal Nym.

Nym. Good-morrow, Lieutenant Bardolph.

Bard. What, are Ancient Pistol and you friends
 yet ?

Nym. For my part, I care not : I say little ; but,
 5 when time shall serve, there shall be smiles ; but
 that shall be as it may. I dare not fight ; but I
 will wink, and hold out mine iron. It is a simple
 one ; but what though ? it will toast cheese, and
 it will endure cold as another man's sword will :
 10 and there's an end.

Bard. I will bestow a breakfast to make you
 friends ; and we'll be all three sworn brothers to
 France ; let it be so, good Corporal Nym.

Nym. Faith, I will live so long as I may, that's
 15 the certain of it ; and, when I cannot live any
 longer, I will do as I may : that is my rest, that
 is the rendezvous of it.

Bard. It is certain, corporal, that he is married
 to Nell Quickly : and certainly she did you
 20 wrong ; for you were troth-plight to her.

Nym. I cannot tell ; things must be as they

may : men may sleep, and they may have their throats about them at that time ; and some say knives have edges. It must be as it may : though patience be a tired mare, yet she will plod. There 25 must be conclusions. Well, I cannot tell.

Bard. Here comes Ancient Pistol and his wife :
—good corporal, be patient here.

Enter PISTOL *and* Hostess.

How now, mine host Pistol !

Pist. Base tike, call'st thou me host ? 30
Now, by this hand, I swear I scorn the term ;
Nor shall my Nell keep lodgers.

Host. No, by my troth, not long. [*NYM draws his sword*]. O well-a-day, Lady, if he be not drawn now ! We shall see murder committed. 35

Bard. Good lieutenant ! good corporal ! offer nothing here.

Nym. Pish.

Pist. Pish for thee, Iceland dog ! thou prick-ear'd cur of Iceland.

Host. Good Corporal Nym, show thy valor, 40
and put up your sword.

Nym. Will you shog off ? I would have you
solus. [*Sheathing his sword.*]

Pist. *Solus*, egregious dog ! O viper vile !
The *solus* in thy most mervailous face ; 45
The *solus* in thy teeth and in thy throat
And in thy hateful lungs, yea, in thy maw, perdy ;
And, which is worse, within thy nasty mouth !
I do retort the *solus* in thy bowels ;
For I can take, and Pistol's cock is up, 50
And flashing fire will follow.

Nym. I am not Barbason ; you cannot conjure me. I have a humor to knock you indifferently well. If you grow foul with me, Pistol, I will
55 scour you with my rapier, as I may, in fair terms : if you would walk off, I would prick you a little, in good terms, as I may; and that's the humor of it.

Pist. O braggard vile, and reckless furious wight !

The grave doth gape, and doting death is near,
60 Therefore exhale. [PISTOL and NYM draw.]

Bard. Hear me, hear me what I say :—he that strikes the first stroke, I'll run him up to the hilts, as I am a soldier. [Draws.]

Pist. An oath of mickle might ; and fury shall abate.

65 Give me thy fist, thy fore-foot to me give ;
Thy spirits are most tall.

Nym. I will cut thy throat, one time or other, in fair terms ; that is the humor of it.

Pist. *Coupe le gorge !* that's the word :—I defy thee again.

70 O hound of Crete, think'st thou my spouse to get ?
I have, and I will hold, the *quondam* Quickly
For the only she ; and—*pauca*, there's enough.
Go to.

Enter the Boy.

Boy. Mine host Pistol, you must come to my
75 master—and you, hostess ; he is very sick, and would to bed.—Good Bardolph, put thy face between his sheets, and do the office of a warming-pan. Faith, he's very ill.

Bard. Away, you rogue !

80 *Host.* By my troth, he'll yield the crow a pud-

ding one of these days : the king has killed his heart.—Good husband, come home presently.

[*Exeunt* Hostess and Boy.

Bard. Come, shall I make you two friends? We must to France together. Why should we keep knives to cut one another's throats? 85

Pist. Let floods o'erswell, and fiends for food howl on!

Nym. You'll pay me the eight shillings I won of you at betting?

Pist. Base is the slave that pays. 90

Nym. That now I will have; that's the humor of it.

Pist. As manhood shall compound: push home.

[*PISTOL and NYM draw.*

Bard. By this sword, he that makes the first 95 thrust I'll kill him; by this sword, I will.

Pist. Sword is an oath, and oaths must have their course.

Bard. Corporal Nym, an thou wilt be friends, be friends; an thou wilt not, why then be enemies 100 with me too. Prithee, put up.

Nym. I shall have my eight shillings I won of you at betting.

Pist. A noble shalt thou have, and present pay; And liquor likewise will I give to thee, 105 And friendship shall combine, and brotherhood: I'll live by Nym, and Nym shall live by me;— Is not this just?—for I shall sutler be Unte the camp, and profits will accrue. Give me thy hand. 110

Nym. I shall have my noble?

Pist. In cash most justly paid.

Nym. Well, then, that's the humor of it.

Re-enter Hostess.

Host. As ever you came of women, come in
115 quickly to Sir John. Ah, poor heart! he is so
shaked of a burning quotidian tertian that it is
most lamentable to behold. Sweet men, come to
him.

Nym. The king hath run bad humors on the
120 knight, that's the even of it.

Pist. Nym, thou hast spoke the right ;
His heart is fractured and corroborate.

Nym. The king is a good king : but it must
be as it may ; he passes some humors and careers.

125 *Pist.* Let us condole the knight ; for lambkins
we will live. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Southampton. A Council-Chamber.*

Enter EXETER, BEDFORD, and WESTMORELAND.

Bed. His grace is bold to trust these traitors.

Exe. They shall be apprehended by and by.

West. How smooth and even they do bear
themselves !

As if allegiance in their bosoms sat,
5 Crowned with faith and constant loyalty.

Bed. The king hath note of all that they intend,
By interception which they dream not of.

Exe. Nay, but the man that was his bedfellow,
Whom he hath dull'd and cloy'd with gracious
favors,—

10 That he should, for a foreign purse, so sell
His sovereign's life to death and treachery !

Trumpets sound. Enter KING HENRY, SCROOP, CAMBRIDGE, GREY, Lords, and Attendants.

K. Hen. Now sits the wind fair, and we will
aboard.

My Lord of Cambridge, and my kind Lord of
Masham,

And you, my gentle knight, give me your thoughts :
Think you not that the powers we bear with us 15
Will cut their passage through the force of France,
Doing the execution and the act
For which we have in head assembled them ?

Scroop. No doubt, my liege, if each man do his
best.

K. Hen. I doubt not that ; since we are well
persuaded 20

We carry not a heart with us from hence
That grows not in a fair consent with ours,
Nor leave not one behind that doth not wish
Success and conquest to attend on us.

Cam. Never was monarch better fear'd and
lov'd 25

Than is your majesty ; there's not, I think, a
subject
That sits in heart-grief and uneasiness
Under the sweet shade of your government.

Grey. True : those that were your father's
enemies

Have steep'd their galls in honey, and do serve
you 30

With hearts create of duty and of zeal.

K. Hen. We therefore have great cause of
thankfulness,

And shall forget the office of our hand

Sooner than quittance of desert and merit

35 According to the weight and worthiness.

Scroop. So service shall with steelèd sinews
toil,

And labor shall refresh itself with hope

To do your grace incessant services.

K. Hen. We judge no less.—Uncle of Exeter,

40 Enlarge the man committed yesterday

That rail'd against our person : we consider

It was excess of wine that set him on ;

And on his more advice we pardon him.

Scroop. That's mercy, but too much security :

45 Let him be punished, sovereign, lest example

Breed, by his sufferance, more of such a kind.

K. Hen. O, let us yet be merciful.

Cam. So may your highness, and yet punish too.

Grey. Sir, you show great mercy, if you give
him life,

50 After the taste of much correction.

K. Hen. Alas, your too much love and care of
me

Are heavy orisons 'gainst this poor wretch !

If little faults, proceeding on distemper,

Shall not be wink'd at, how shall we stretch our
eye

When capital crimes, chew'd, swallow'd, and
55 digested,

Appear before us ?—We'll yet enlarge that man,

Though Cambridge, Scroop, and Grey, in their
dear care

And tender preservation of our person,

Would have him punish'd. And now to our
French causes ;

60 Who are the late commissioners ?

Cam. I one, my lord,
Your highness bade me ask for it to-day.

Scroop. So did you me, my liege.

Grey. And me, my royal sovereign.

K. Hen. Then, Richard Earl of Cambridge,
there is yours ; 65
There yours, Lord Scroop of Masham ; and, sir
knight,

Grey of Northumberland, this same is yours :
Read them ; and know I know your worthiness.
My Lord of Westmoreland, and Uncle Exeter,
We will aboard to-night.—Why, how now, gen-
tlemen ! 70

What see you in those papers that you lose
So much complexion ?—look ye how they change !
Their cheeks are paper.—Why, what read you
there

That hath so cowarded and chas'd your blood
Out of appearance ? 75

Cam. I do confess my fault ;
And do submit me to your highness' mercy.

Grey, Scroop. To which we all appeal.

K. Hen. The mercy that was quick in us but
late

By your own counsel is suppress'd and kill'd : 80
You must not dare, for shame, to talk of mercy ;
For your own reasons turn into your bosoms,
As dogs upon their masters, worrying you.

See you, my princes, and my noble peers,
These English monsters ! My Lord of Cambridge
here,— 85

You know how apt our love was to accord
To furnish him with all appertinents
Belonging to his honor ; and this man

- Hath, for a few light crowns, lightly conspir'd,
 90 And sworn unto the practices of France
 To kill us here in Hampton ; to the which,
 This knight, no less for bounty bound to us
 Than Cambridge is, hath likewise sworn. But O,
 What shall I say to thee, Lord Scroop ? thou cruel,
 95 Ingrateful, savage, and inhuman creature !
 Thou that didst bear the key of all my counsels,
 That knew'st the very bottom of my soul,
 That almost mightst have coined me into gold,
 Wouldst thou have practis'd on me for thy use ;—
 100 May it be possible that foreign hire
 Could out of thee extract one spark of evil
 That might annoy my finger ? 'tis so strange
 That, though the truth of it stands off as gross
 As black from white, my eye will scarcely see it.
 105 Treason and murder ever kept together,
 As two yoke-devils sworn to either's purpose,
 Working so grossly in a natural cause
 That admiration did not whoop at them :
 But thou, 'gainst all proportion, didst bring in
 110 Wonder to wait on treason and on murder :
 And whatsoever cunning fiend it was
 That wrought upon thee so preposterously
 Gave thee no instance why thou shouldst do trea-
 son
 Unless to dub thee with the name of traitor.
 115 If that same demon that hath gull'd thee thus
 Should with his lion gait walk the whole world,
 He might return to vasty Tartar back,
 And tell the legions, " I can never win
 A soul so easy as that Englishman's."
 120 O, how hast thou with jealousy infected
 The sweetness of affiance ! Show men dutiful ?

Why, so didst thou : seem they grave and learned ?
 Why, so didst thou : come they of noble family ?
 Why, so didst thou : seem they religious ?
 Why, so didst thou : or are they spare in diet, 125
 Free from gross passion or of mirth or anger,
 Constant in spirit, not swerving with the blood,
 Garnish'd and deck'd in modest complement ;
 Not working with the eye without the ear,
 And but in purgèd judgment trusting neither ? 130
 Such and so finely bolted didst thou seem :
 And thus thy fall hath left a kind of blot
 To mark the full-fraught man and best indued
 With some suspicion. I will weep for thee ;
 For this revolt of thine, methinks, is like 135
 Another fall of man.—Their faults are open.
 Arrest them to the answer of the law ;
 And God acquit them of their practices !

Exe. I arrest thee of high treason, by the name
 of Richard Earl of Cambridge. 140

I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of
 Henry Lord Scroop of Masham.

I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of
 Thomas Grey, knight, of Northumberland.

Scroop. Our purposes God justly hath discover'd ; 145
 And I repent my fault more than my death ;
 Which I beseech your highness to forgive,
 Although my body pay the price of it.

Cam. For me—the gold of France did not
 seduce ;
 Although I did admit it as a motive 150
 The sooner to effect what I intended :
 But God be thankèd for prevention ;
 Which I in sufferance heartily will rejoice,
 Beseeching God and you to pardon me.

155 *Grey.* Never did faithful subject more rejoice
 At the discovery of most dangerous treason
 Than I do at this hour joy o'er myself,
 Prevented from a damnèd enterprise:
 My fault, but not my body, pardon, sovereign.

K. Hen. God quit you in his mercy! Hear
 160 your sentence.
 You have conspir'd against our royal person,
 Join'd with an enemy proclaim'd, and from his
 coffers
 Receiv'd the golden earnest of our death;
 Wherein you would have sold your king to
 slaughter,

165 His princes and his peers to servitude,
 His subjects to oppression and contempt,
 And his whole kingdom into desolation.
 Touching our person, seek we no revenge;
 But we our kingdom's safety must so tender,
 170 Whose ruin you have sought, that to her laws
 We do deliver you. Get you therefore hence,
 Poor miserable wretches, to your death:
 The taste whereof, God, of his mercy, give you
 Patience to endure, and true repentance
 175 Of all your dear offences!—Bear them hence.

[*Exeunt Conspirators, guarded.*
 Now, lords, for France; the enterprise whereof
 Shall be to you, as us, like glorious.
 We doubt not of a fair and lucky war;
 Since God so graciously hath brought to light
 180 This dangerous treason lurking in our way
 To hinder our beginnings. We doubt not now
 But every rub is smoothèd on our way.
 Then, forth, dear countrymen; let us deliver
 Our puissance into the hands of God,

Putting it straight in expedition.

Cheerly to sea ; the signs of war advance :

No king of England, if not king of France.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*London. The Boar's-Head Tavern,
Eastcheap.*

Enter PISTOL, Hostess, NYM, BARDOLPH, *and*
Boy.

Host. Prithee, honey-sweet husband, let me
bring thee to Staines.

Pist. No ; for my manly heart doth yearn.
Bardolph, be blithe ;—Nym, rouse thy vaunting
veins ;

Boy, bristle thy courage up ; for Falstaff he is dead, 5
And we must yearn therefore.

Bard. Would I were with him, wheresome'er
he is !

Host. Nay, sure, he's in Arthur's bosom, if
ever man went to Arthur's bosom. 'A made a finer 10
end and went away an it had been any christ-
tom child ; 'a parted even just between twelve
and one, even at the turning o' the tide : for after
I saw him fumble with the sheets and play with
the flowers and smile upon his fingers' ends, I 15
knew there was but one way ; for his nose was as
sharp as a pen, and 'a habbled of green fields.
"How now, Sir John," quoth I : "what, man ! be
of good cheer." So 'a cried out, "God, God,
God !" three or four times. Now I, to comfort 20
him, bid him 'a should not think of God ; I hoped
there was no need to trouble himself with any

such thoughts yet. So 'a bade me lay more
clothes on his feet : I put my hand into the bed and
25 felt them, and they were as cold as any stone ; then
I felt to his knees, and all was as cold as any
stone.

Nym. They say he cried out of sack.

Host. Ay, that 'a did.

30 *Bard.* And of women.

Host. Nay, that 'a did not.

Boy. Yes, that 'a did ; and said they were
devils incarnate.

Host. 'A could never abide carnation : 'twas a
color he never liked.

Boy. 'A said once the devil would have him
about women.

35 *Host.* 'A did in some sort, indeed ; but then he
was rheumatic.

Boy. Do you not remember, 'a saw a flea stick
upon Bardolph's nose, and 'a said it was a black
soul burning ?

40 *Bard.* Well, the fuel is gone that maintained
that fire : that's all the riches I got in his service.

Nym. Shall we shog ? the king will be gone
from Southampton.

Pist. Come, let's away.—My love, give me thy
lips.

Look to my chattels and my movables :

45 Let senses rule ; the word is, " Pitch and pay ;"
Trust none :

For oaths are straws, men's faiths are wafer-cakes,
And hold-fast is the only dog, my duck ;

Therefore, *caveto* be thy counsellor.

50 Go, clear thy crystals.—Yoke-fellows in arms,
Let us to France ; like horse-leeches, my boys ;

To suck, to suck, the very blood to suck !

Boy. And that is but unwholesome food, they
say.

Pist. Touch her soft mouth, and march.

Bard. Farewell, hostess. [*Kissing her.* 55

Nym. I cannot kiss, that is the humor of it ;
but, adieu.

Pist. Let housewifery appear ; keep close, I
thee command.

Host. Farewell ; adieu. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*France. A Room in the French
King's Palace.*

*Enter the French King attended ; the DAUPHIN, the
DUKE OF BURGUNDY, the CONSTABLE, and others.*

Fr. King. Thus comes the English with full
power upon us,
And more than carefully it us concerns
To answer royally in our defences.
Therefore the Dukes of Berri and Bretagne,
Of Brabant and of Orleans, shall make forth, 5
And you, Prince Dauphin, with all swift despatch,
To line and new repair our towns of war -
With men of courage and with means defendant ;
For England his approaches make as fierce
As waters to the sucking of a gulf. 10
It fits us then to be as provident
As fear may teach us out of late examples
Left by the fatal and neglected English
Upon our fields.

Dau. My most redoubted father, 15
It is most meet we arm us 'gainst the foe :

For peace itself should not so dull a kingdom,
Though war nor no known quarrel were in ques-
tion,

But that defences, musters, preparations
20 Should be maintain'd, assembled, and collected,
As were a war in expectation.

Therefore I say 'tis meet we all go forth
To view the sick and feeble parts of France ;
And let us do it with no show of fear ;

25 No, with no more than if we heard that England
Were busied with a Whitsun morris-dance :
For, my good liege, she is so idly king'd,
Her sceptre so fantastically borne
By a vain, giddy, shallow, humorous youth
30 That fear attends her not.

Con.

O peace, Prince Dauphin !

You are too much mistaken in this king :
Question your grace the late ambassadors,
With what great state he heard their embassy,
35 How well supplied with noble counsellors,
How modest in exception, and withal
How terrible in constant resolution,
And you shall find his vanities forespent
Were but the outside of the Roman Brutus,
40 Covering discretion with a coat of folly ;
As gardeners do with ordure hide those roots
That shall first spring and be most delicate.

Dau. Well, 'tis not so, my lord high constable ;
But, though we think it so, it is no matter :
45 In cases of defence 'tis best to weigh
The enemy more mighty than he seems :
So the proportions of defence are fill'd ;
Which, of a weak and niggardly projection,
Doth like a miser spoil his coat with scanting

A little cloth. 50

Fr. King. Think we King Harry strong ;
 And, princes, look you strongly arm to meet him.
 The kindred of him hath been flesh'd upon us ;
 And he is bled out of that bloody strain
 That haunted us in our familiar paths : 55

Witness our too much memorable shame,
 When Cressy battle fatally was struck
 And all our princes captiv'd by the hand
 Of that black name, Edward, Black Prince of
 Wales ;
 Whiles that his mountain sire, on mountain
 standing, 60

Up in the air, crown'd with the golden sun,
 Saw his heroical seed, and smil'd to see him
 Mangle the work of nature, and deface
 The patterns that by God and by French fathers
 Had twenty years been made. This is a stem 65
 Of that victorious stock ; and let us fear
 The native mightiness and fate of him.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Ambassadors from Harry King of Eng-
 land
 Do crave admittance to your majesty.

Fr. King. We'll give them present audience. 70
 Go and bring them.

[*Exeunt Messenger and certain Lords.*
 You see this chase is hotly follow'd, friends .

Dau. Turn head, and stop pursuit : for cow-
 ard dogs
 Most spend their mouths when what they seem to
 threaten
 Runs far before them. Good my sovereign, 75

Take up the English short, and let them know
 Of what a monarchy you are the head ;
 Self-love, my liege, is not so vile a sin
 As self-neglecting.

Re-enter Lords, *with* EXETER *and* Train.

80 *Fr. King.* From our brother England ?
Exe. From him ; and thus he greets your maj-
 esty.

He wills you, in the name of God Almighty,
 That you divest yourself, and lay apart
 The borrowed glories that, by gift of Heaven,
 85 By law of nature and of nations, 'long
 To him and to his heirs ; namely, the crown,
 And all wide-stretchèd honors that pertain,
 By custom and the ordinance of times,
 Unto the crown of France. That you may know
 90 'Tis no sinister nor no awkward claim,
 Pick'd from the worm-holes of long-vanish'd days,
 Nor from the dust of old oblivion rak'd,
 He sends you this most memorable line,

[*Gives a paper.*

In every branch truly demonstrative ;
 95 Willing you overlook this pedigree :
 And when you find him evenly deriv'd
 From his most fam'd of famous ancestors,
 Edward the Third, he bids you then resign
 Your crown and kingdom, indirectly held
 100 From him the native and true challenger.

Fr. King. Or else what follows ?

Exe. Bloody constraint ; for, if you hide the
 crown

Even in your hearts, there will he rake for it :

Therefore in fierce tempest is he coming,
 In thunder and in earthquake, like a Jove, 105
 That, if requiring fail, he will compel;
 And bids you, in the bowels of the Lord,
 Deliver up the crown, and to take mercy
 On the poor souls for whom his hungry war
 Opens his vasty jaws; and on your head 110
 Turning the widows' tears, the orphans' cries,
 The dead men's blood, the pining maidens' groans,
 For husbands, fathers, and betrothèd lovers,
 That shall be swallow'd in this controversy.
 This is his claim, his threat'ning, and my message: 115
 Unless the Dauphin be in presence here,
 To whom expressly I bring greeting too.

Fr. King. For us, we will consider of this
 further:

To-morrow shall you bear our full intent
 Back to our brother England. 120

Dau. For the Dauphin,
 I stand here for him: what to him from England?

Exe. Scorn and defiance; slight regard, con-
 tempt,

And anything that may not misbecome
 The mighty sender, doth he prize you at. 125

Thus says my king: an if your father's highness
 Do not, in grant of all demands at large,

Sweeten the bitter mock you sent his majesty,
 He'll call you to so hot an answer of it

That caves and womby vaultages of France 130
 Shall chide your trespass, and return your mock

In second accent of his ordnance.

Dau. Say if my father render fair return,
 It is against my will; for I desire
 Nothing but odds with England: to that end, 135

As matching to his youth and vanity,
I did present him with the Paris balls.

Exe. He'll make your Paris Louvre shake for
it,

Were it the mistress court of mighty Europe :
140 And, be assur'd, you'll find a difference,
As we, his subjects, have in wonder found,
Between the promise of his greener days
And these he masters now ; now he weighs time
Even to the utmost grain ; that you shall read
145 In your own losses, if he stay in France.

Fr. King. To-morrow shall you know our
mind at full.

Exe. Despatch us with all speed, lest that our
king

Come here himself to question our delay ;
For he is footed in this land already.

150 *Fr. King.* You shall be soon despatch'd with
fair conditions :

A night is but small breath and little pause
To answer matters of this consequence.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

PROLOGUE.

Enter CHORUS.

Chor. Thus with imagin'd wing our swift
scene flies
In motion of no less celerity
Than that of thought. Suppose that you have seen
The well-appointed king at Hampton pier

SCENE I.—*France. Before Harfleur.*

Alarums. Enter KING HENRY, EXETER, BEDFORD, GLOSTER, and Soldiers, with scaling ladders.

- K. Hen.* Once more unto the breach, dear
 friends, once more ;
 Or close the wall up with our English dead !
 In peace there's nothing so becomes a man
 As modest stillness and humility :
 5 But, when the blast of war blows in our ears,
 Then imitate the action of the tiger ;
 Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
 Disguise fair nature with hard-favored rage ;
 Then lend the eye a terrible aspect ;
 10 Let it pry through the portage of the head
 Like the brass cannon ; let the brow o'erwhelm it,
 As fearfully as doth a gallèd rock
 O'erhang and jutty his confounded base,
 Swill'd with the wild and wasteful ocean.
 15 Now set the teeth, and stretch the nostril wide,
 Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit
 To his full height ! On, on, you noblest English,
 Whose blood is fet from fathers of war-proof !—
 Fathers that, like so many Alexanders,
 20 Have in these parts from morn till even fought,
 And sheath'd their swords for lack of argument :
 Dishonor not your mothers ; now attest
 That those whom you call'd fathers did beget
 you !
 Be copy now to men of grosser blood,
 25 And teach them how to war !—And you, good
 yeomen,
 Whose limbs were made in England, show us here

The mettle of your pasture ; let us swear
That you are worth your breeding : which I doubt
not ;

For there is none of you so mean and base
That hath not noble lustre in your eyes. 30

I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
Straining upon the start. The game's afoot ;
Follow your spirit ; and upon this charge
Cry, " God for Harry ! England ! and Saint George !"
[*Exeunt. Alarum, and chambers go off within.*]

SCENE II.—*The same.*

*Forces pass over ; then enter NYM, BARDOLPH,
PISTOL, and Boy.*

Bard. On, on, on, on, on ! to the breach, to
the breach !

Nym. Pray thee, corporal, stay ; the knocks
are too hot ; and, for mine own part, I have not a
case of lives : the humor of it is too hot, that is 5
the very plain-song of it.

Pist. The plain-song is most just ; for humors
do abound :

Knocks go and come ; God's vassals drop and die ;
And sword and shield,
In bloody field, 10
Doth win immortal fame.

Boy. Would I were in an alehouse in London !
I would give all my fame for a pot of ale and
safety.

Pist. And I. 15

If wishes would prevail with me,
My purpose should not fail with me,
But thither would I hie.

20 *Boy.* As duly, but not as truly,
As bird doth sing on bough.

Enter FLUELLEN.

Flu. Up to the preach, you dogs! avaunt,
you cullions. [*Driving them forward.*]

Pist. Be merciful, great duke, to men of mould!
Abate thy rage, abate thy manly rage!
25 Abate thy rage, great duke!
Good bawcock, bate thy rage! use lenity, sweet
chuck!

Nym. These be good humors!—your honor
wins bad humors.

[*Exeunt* NYM, PISTOL, and BARDOLPH, fol-
lowed by FLUELLEN.]

Boy. As young as I am, I have observed these
30 three swashers. I am boy to them all three:
but all they three, though they would serve me,
could not be man to me; for, indeed, three such
antics do not amount to a man. For Bardolph—
he is white-livered and red-faced; by the means
35 whereof 'a faces it out, but fights not. For Pistol
—he hath a killing tongue and a quiet sword; by
the means whereof 'a breaks words, and keeps whole
weapons. For Nym—he hath heard that men of
few words are the best men; and therefore he
40 scorns to say his prayers, lest 'a should be thought
a coward: but his few bad words are match'd
with as few good deeds; for 'a never broke any
man's head but his own, and that was against a

post when he was drunk. They will steal anything, and call it purchase. Bardolph stole a lute-case, bore it twelve leagues, and sold it for three-halfpence. Nym and Bardolph are sworn brothers in filching, and in Calais they stole a fire-shovel: I knew by that piece of service the men would carry coals. They would have me as familiar with men's pockets as their gloves or their handkerchers: which makes much against my manhood, if I should take from another's pocket to put into mine; for it is plain pocketing up of wrongs. I must leave them and seek some better service: their villainy goes against my weak stomach, and therefore I must cast it up. [*Exit.*]

Re-enter FLUELLEN, GOWER *following.*

Gow. Captain Fluellen, you must come presently to the mines; the Duke of Gloster would speak to you.

Flu. To the mines! tell you the duke it is not so good to come to the mines; for, look you, the mines is not according to the disciplines of the war; the concavities of it is not sufficient; for, look you, th' athversary, you may discuss unto the duke, look you, is digt himself four yard under the counter-mines: I think 'a will plow up all, if there is not better directions.

Gow. The Duke of Gloster, to whom the order of the siege is given, is altogether directed by an Irishman, a very valiant gentleman, i' faith.

Flu. It is Captain Macmorris, is it not?

Gow. I think it be.

Flu. He is an ass as in the 'orld: I will verify as much in his peafd; he has no more directions

in the true disciplines of the wars, look you, of the Roman disciplines, that is a puppy-dog.

Gow. Here 'a comes; and the Scots captain, Captain Jamy, with him.

80 *Flu.* Captain Jamy is a marvellous falorous gentleman, that is certain; and of great expedition and knowledge in the auncient wars, upon my particular knowledge of his directions. He will maintain his argument as well as any military man in
85 the 'orld, in the disciplines of the pristine wars of the Romans.

Enter MACMORRIS and JAMY.

Jamy. I say gud-day, Captain Fluellen.

Flu. God-den to your worship, goot Captain Jamy.

90 *Gow.* How now, Captain Macmorris? have you quit the mines? have the pioneers given o'er?

Mac. La, tish ill done: the work ish give over, the trumpet sound the retreat. By my hand I swear, and my father's soul, the work ish ill done;
95 it ish give over; I would have blowed up the town, la, in an hour. O, tish ill done, tish ill done; by my hand, tish ill done!

Flu. Captain Macmorris, I peseech you now, will you voutsafe me, look you, a few disputations
100 with you, as partly touching or concerning the disciplines of the war, the Roman wars, in the way of argument, look you, and friendly communication; partly to satisfy my opinion, and partly for the satisfaction, look you, of my mind, as touch-
105 ing the direction of the military discipline? that is the point.

Jamy. It sall be vary gud, gud feith, gud cap-

tains bath ; and I sall quit you with gud leve, as I may pick occasion ; that sall I, mary.

Mac. It is no time to discourse. The day is 110 hot, and the weather and the wars and the king and the dukes : it is no time to discourse. The town is beseeched, and the trumpet call us to the breach ; and we talk, and do nothing : 'tis shame for us all : 'tis shame to stand still ; it is shame, 115 by my hand : and there is throats to be cut, and works to be done ; and there ish nothing done, la.

Jamy. By the mess, ere these eyes of mine take themselves to slomber, aile do gude service, or aile lig i' the grund for it ; ay, or go to death ; 120 and aile pay it as valorously as I may, that sal I surely do, that if the breff and the long : mary, I wad full fain heard some question 'tween you tway.

Flu. Captain Macmorris, I think, look you, under your correction, there is not many of your 125 nation——

Mac. Of my nation ! What ish my nation ? What ish my nation ? Who talks of my nation ish a villain and a bastard and a knave and a rascal. 130

Flu. Look you, if you take the matter otherwise than is meant, Captain Macmorris, peradventure I shall think you do not use me with that affability as in discretion you ought to use me, look you ; being as goot a man as yourself, both 135 in the disciplines of wars and in the derivation of my birth and in other particularities.

Mac. I do not know you so good a man as myself ; I will cut off your head.

Gow. Gentlemen both, you will mistake each 140 other.

Jamy. Au ! that's a foul fault.

[*A parley sounded.*

Gow. The town sounds a parley.

Flu. Captain Macmorris, when there is more
145 petter opportunity to be required, look you, I will
be so pold as to tell you I know the disciplines of
war ; and there is an end. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The same. Before the gates of Harfleur.*

*The Governor and some Citizens on the walls ; the
English Forces below. Enter KING HENRY and his
Train.*

K. Hen. How yet resolves the governor of the
town ?

This is the latest parle we will admit :

Therefore to our best mercy give yourselves ;

Or, like to men proud of destruction,

5 Defy us to our worst : for, as I am a soldier,

A name that in my thoughts becomes me best,

If I begin the battery once again,

I will not leave the half-achievèd Harfleur

Till in her ashes she lie burièd.

10 The gates of mercy shall be all shut up ;

And the flesh'd soldier, rough and hard of heart,

In liberty of bloody hand shall range

With conscience wide as hell, mowing like grass

Your fresh-fair virgins and your flowering infants.

15 What is it then to me, if impious war,

Array'd in flames like to the prince of fiends,

Do, with his smirched complexion, all fell feats

Enlink'd to waste and desolation ?

What rein can hold licentious wickedness
 When down the hill he holds his fierce career? 20
 We may as bootless spend our vain command
 Upon the enraged soldiers in their spoil
 As send præcepts to the leviathan
 To come ashore. Therefore, ye men of Harfleur,
 Take pity of your town and of your people 25
 Whiles yet my soldiers are in my command ;
 Whiles yet the cool and temperate wind of grace
 O'erblows the filthy and contagious clouds
 Of heady murder, spoil, and villainy.
 If not, why, in a moment look to see 30
 The blind and bloody soldier with foul hand
 Defile the locks of your shrill-shrieking daughters ;
 Your fathers taken by the silver beards,
 And their most reverend heads dashed to the walls ;
 Your naked infants spitted upon pikes, 35
 Whiles the mad mothers with their howls confus'd
 Do break the clouds, as did the wives of Jewry
 At Herod's bloody-hunting slaughtermen.
 What say you ? will you yield, and this avoid ?
 Or, guilty in defence, be thus destroy'd ? 40

Gov. Our expectation hath this day an end :
 The Dauphin, whom of succors we entreated,
 Returns us that his powers are yet not ready
 To raise so great a siege. Therefore, great king,
 We yield our town and lives to thy soft mercy : 45
 Enter our gates ; dispose of us and ours ;
 For we no longer are defensible.

K. Hen. Open your gates. — Come, Uncle
 Exeter,
 Go you and enter Harfleur ; there remain,
 And fortify it strongly 'gainst the French : 50
 Use mercy to them all. For us, dear uncle,

The winter coming on and sickness growing
 Upon our soldiers, we will retire to Calais.
 To-night in Harfleur will we be your guest ;
 55 To-morrow for the march are we address'd.
 [*Flourish. The KING, etc., enter the town.*]

SCENE IV.—Rouen. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter KATHARINE and ALICE.

Kath. Alice, tu as été en Angleterre, et tu parles bien le langage.

Alice. Un peu, madame.

Kath. Je te prie m'enseigner ; il faut que 5 j'apprenne à parler. Comment appelez-vous la main en Anglais ?

Alice. La main ? elle est appelée de hand.

Kath. De hand. Et les doigts ?

Alice. Les doigts ? ma foi, j'oublie les doigts ; 10 mais je me souviendrai. Les doigts ? je pense qu'ils sont appelés de fingres ; oui, de fingres.

Kath. La main, de hand ; les doigts, de fingres. Je pense que je suis le bon écolier ; j'ai gagné deux mots d'Anglais vite-ment. Com- 15 ment appelez-vous les ongles ?

Alice. Les ongles ? les appelons de nails.

Kath. De nails. Ecoutez ; dites-moi, si je parle bien : de hand, de fingres, et de nails.

Alice. C'est bien dit, madame ; il est fort 20 bon Anglais.

Kath. Dites-moi l'Anglais pour le bras.

Alice. De arm, madame.

Kath. Et le coude ?

Alice. De elbow.

Kath. De elbow. *Je m'en fais la répétition* 25
de tous les mots que vous m'avez appris dès à
présent.

Alice. *Il est trop difficile, madame, comme*
je pense.

Kath. *Excusez-moi, Alice ; écoutez ;* de 30
hand, de fingres, de nails, de arm, de ilbow.

Alice. De elbow, madame.

Kath. *O Seigneur Dieu, je m'en oublie !* de
elbow. Comment appelez-vous le col ?

Alice. De neck, madame. 35

Kath. De nick. *Et le menton ?*

Alice. De chin.

Kath. De sin. *Le col, de nick ; le menton,*
de sin.

Alice. *Oui. Sauf votre honneur, en vérité,* 40
vous prononcez les mots aussi droit que les na-
tifs d'Angleterre.

Kath. *Je ne doute point d'apprendre, par la*
grace de Dieu, et en peu de temps.

Alice. *N'avez-vous pas déjà oublié ce que je* 45
vous ai enseigné ?

Kath. *Non, je reciterai à vous promptement ;*
de hand, de fingres, de mails—

Alice. De nails, madame.

Kath. De nails, de arm, de ilbow— 50

Alice. *Sauf votre honneur, de elbow.*

Kath. *Ainsi dis-je ; de elbow, de nick, et de*
sin. Comment appelez-vous le pied et la robe ?

Alice. De foot, madame ; et de coun.

Kath. De foot, et de coun ! *O Seigneur Dieu,* 55
ces sont mots de son mauvais, corruptible, gros,
et impudique, et non pour les dames d'honneur
d'user : je ne voudrais prononcer ces mots de-

vant les seigneurs de France pour tout le
 60 *monde. Il faut de foot, et de coun, néanmoins.*
Je reciterai une autre fois ma leçon ensemble :
 de hand, de fingres, de nails, de arm, de elbow,
 de nick, de sin, de foot.

Alice. Excellent, madame!

65 *Kath. C'est assez pour une fois: allons-*
nous à diner. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V.—*The same. Another Room in the*
same.

Enter the French KING, the DAUPHIN, DUKE
OF BOURBON, the CONSTABLE OF FRANCE,
and others.

Fr. King. 'Tis certain he hath pass'd the river
 Somme.

Con. And if he be not fought withal, my lord,
 Let us not live in France; let us quit all,
 And give our vineyards to a barbarous people.

5 *Dau.* *O Dieu vivant!* Shall a few sprays of us,
 Our scions, put in wild and savage stock,
 Spirt up so suddenly into the clouds,
 And overlook their grafters?

Bour. Normans, but bastard Normans, Nor-
 man bastards!

10 *Mort de ma vie!* if they march along
 Unfought withal, but I will sell my dukedom
 To buy a slobbery and a dirty farm
 In that nook-shotten isle of Albion.

Con. *Dieu de batailles!* where have they this
 mettle?

15 Is not their climate foggy, raw, and dull;

On whom, as in despite, the sun looks pale,
 Killing their fruit with frowns? Can sodden water,
 A drench for sur-rein'd jades, their barley-broth,
 Decoct their cold blood to such valiant heat?
 And shall our quick blood, spirited with wine, 20
 Seem frosty? O, for honor of our land,
 Let us not hang like roping icicles
 Upon our houses' thatch, whiles a more frosty
 people

Sweat drops of gallant youth in our rich fields!—
 Poor we may call them in their native lords. 25

Dan. By faith and honor, our madams mock
 at us;

And plainly say our mettle is bred out.

Bour. They bid us to the English dancing-
 schools,

And teach lavoltas high and swift corantos;
 Saying our grace is only in our heels, 30
 And that we are most lofty runaways.

Fr. King. Where is Montjoy, the herald?
 speed him hence;

Let him greet England with our sharp defiance.
 Up, princes! and, with spirit of honor edg'd
 More sharper than your swords, hie to the field: 35
 Charles Delabreth, high constable of France;
 You dukes of Orleans, Bourbon, and of Berri,
 Alençon, Brabant, Bar, and Burgundy;
 Jacques Chatillon, Rambures, Vaudemont,
 Beaumont, Grandpré, Roussi, and Fauconberg, 40
 Foix, Lestrale, Bouciqualt, and Charolois;
 High dukes, great princes, barons, lords, and
 knights,

For your great seats now quit you of great
 shames.

Bar Harry England, that sweeps through our
land

- 45 With pennons painted in the blood of Harfleur :
Rush on his host, as doth the melted snow
Upon the valleys, whose low vassal seat
The Alps doth spit and void his rheum upon :
Go down upon him, you have power enough,
50 And in a captive chariot into Rouen
Bring him our prisoner.

Con. This becomes the great.

- Sorry am I his numbers are so few,
His soldiers sick and famish'd in their march,
55 For I am sure, when he shall see our army,
He'll drop his heart into the sink of fear,
And for achievement offer us his ransom.

Fr. King. Therefore, lord constable, haste on
Montjoy ;

- And let him say to England that we send
60 To know what willing ransom he will give.
Prince Dauphin, you shall stay with us in Rouen.

Dau. Not so, I do beseech your majesty.

Fr. King. Be patient, for you shall remain
with us.

- Now forth, lord constable and princes all,
65 And quickly bring us word of England's fall.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*The English Camp in Picardy.*

Enter, severally, GOWER and FLUELLEN.

Gow. How now, Captain Fluellen ! come you
from the bridge ?

Flu. I assure you there is very excellent ser-
vices committed at the pridge.

- 5 *Gow.* Is the Duke of Exeter safe ?

Flu. The Duke of Exeter is as magnanimous as Agamemnon ; and a man that I love and honor with my soul and my heart and my duty and my life and my living and my uttermost power : he is not (Got be praised and plessed !) any hurt in the 'orld ; but keeps the pridge most valiantly, with excellent discipline. There is an auncient lieutenant there at the pridge—I think in my very conscience he is as valiant a man as Mark Antony ; and he is a man of no estimation in the 'orld ; 15 but I did see him do as gallant service.

Gow. What do you call him ?

Flu. He is called Auncient Pistol.

Gow. I know him not.

Flu. Here is the man.

20

Enter PISTOL.

Pist. Captain, I thee beseech to do me favors : The Duke of Exeter doth love thee well.

Flu. Ay, I praise Got ; and I have merited some love at his hands.

Pist. Bardolph, a soldier firm and sound of heart, 25
And of buxom valor, hath, by cruel fate,
And giddy Fortune's furious fickle wheel,
That goddess blind,
That stands upon the rolling, restless stone—

Flu. By your patience, Auncient Pistol. Fort- 30
une is painted plind ; with a muffler before her eyes,
to signify to you that Fortune is plind : and she is
painted also with a wheel to signify to you, which
is the moral of it, that she is turning and in-
constant and mutability and variation : and her foot, 35
look you, is fixed upon a spherical stone, which
rolls and rolls and rolls.—In good truth, the poet

makes a most excellent description of it : Fortune is an excellent moral.

40 *Pist.* Fortune is Bardolph's foe, and frowns on him ;

For he hath stolen a pax, and hangèd must 'a be.
Let gallows gape for dog, let man go free,
And let not hemp his wind-pipe suffocate :
But Exeter hath given the doom of death

45 For pax of little price.

Therefore, go speak ; the duke will hear thy voice ;
And let not Bardolph's vital thread be cut
With edge of penny cord and vile reproach :
Speak, captain, for his life, and I will thee requite.

50 *Flu.* Auncient Pistol, I do partly understand your meaning.

Pist. Why then, rejoice therefore.

Flu. Certainly, auncient, it is not a thing to rejoice at : for if, look you, he were my prother, I
55 would desire the duke to use his goot pleasure, and put him to execution ; for discipline ought to be used.

Pist. Die ; and *figo* for thy friendship !

Flu. It is well.

60 *Pist.* The fig of Spain ! [*Exit.*

Flu. Very goot.

Gow. Why, this is an arrant counterfeit rascal ; I remember him now ; a cutpurse.

Flu. I'll assure you, 'a uttered as prave 'ords
65 at the pridge as you shall see in a summer's day.
But it is very well ; what he has spoke to me, that is well, I warrant you, when time is serve.

Gow. Why, 'tis a gull, a fool, a rogue, that now and then goes to the wars, to grace himself
70 at his return into London under the form of a

soldier. And such fellows are perfect in the great commanders' names: and they will learn you by rote where services were done;—at such and such a sconce, at such a breach, at such a convoy; who came off bravely, who was shot, who disgraced, what terms the enemy stood on; and this they con perfectly in the phrase of war, which they trick up with new-tuned oaths: and what a beard of the general's cut and a horrid suit of the camp will do among foaming bottles and ale-washed wits is wonderful to be thought on. But you must learn to know such slanders of the age, or else you may be marvellously mistook.

Flu. I tell you what, Captain Gower, I do perceive he is not the man that he would gladly make show to the 'orld he is; if I find a hole in his coat, I will tell him my mind. [*Drum within.*] Hark you, the king is coming, and I must speak with him from the pridge.

Enter KING HENRY, GLOSTER, *and* Soldiers.

Got pless your majesty
K. Hen. How, now, Fluellen! cam'st thou from the bridge? 90

Flu. Ay, so please your majesty. The Duke of Exeter has very gallantly maintained the pridge: the French is gone off, look you; and there is gallant and most prave passages; marry, th' athversary was have possession of the pridge; but he is enforced to retire, and the Duke of Exeter is master of the pridge; I can tell your majesty the duke is a prave man. 95

K. Hen. What men have you lost, Fluellen? 100

Flu. The perdition of th' athversary hath

been very great, reasonable great: marry, for my part, I think the duke hath lost never a man, but
 105 one that is like to be executed for robbing a church, one Bardolph, if your majesty know the man; his face is all bubukles and whelks and knobs and flames of fire; and his lips plows at his nose, and it is like a coal of fire, sometimes plue
 110 and sometimes red; but his nose is executed, and his fire's out.

K. Hen. We would have all such offenders so cut off:—and we give express charge that, in our marches through the country, there be nothing
 115 compelled from the villages, nothing taken but paid for, none of the French upbraided or abused in disdainful language; for, when lenity and cruelty play for a kingdom, the gentler gamester is the soonest winner.

Tucket sounds. Enter MONTJOY.

120 *Mont.* You know me by my habit.

K. Hen. Well then I know thee; what shall I know of thee?

Mont. My master's mind.

K. Hen. Unfold it.

125 *Mont.* Thus says my king:—Say thou to Harry of England: Though we seemed dead, we did but sleep; advantage is a better soldier than rashness. Tell him we could have rebuked him at Harfleur, but that we thought not good to bruise
 130 an injury till it were full ripe:—now we speak upon our cue, and our voice is imperial: England shall repent his folly, see his weakness, and admire our sufferance. Bid him, therefore, consider of his ransom: which must proportion the losses

we have borne, the subjects we have lost, the dis- 135
 grace we have digested ; which in weight to re-
 answer, his pettiness would bow under. For our
 losses, his exchequer is too poor ; for the effusion
 of our blood, the muster of his kingdom too faint
 a number ; and for our disgrace, his own person, 140
 kneeling at our feet, but a weak and worthless
 satisfaction. To this add defiance : and tell him,
 for conclusion, he hath betrayed his followers,
 whose condemnation is pronounced. So far my
 king and master ; so much my office. 145

K. Hen. What is thy name ? I know thy
 quality.

Mont. Montjoy.

K. Hen. Thou dost thy office fairly. Turn
 thee back,

And tell thy king I do not seek him now ;
 But could be willing to march on to Calais 150
 Without impeachment : for, to say the sooth,
 Though 'tis no wisdom to confess so much
 Unto an enemy of craft and vantage,
 My people are with sickness much enfeebled,
 My numbers lessen'd, and those few I have 155
 Almost no better than so many French ;
 Who, when they were in health, I tell thee,
 herald,

I thought upon one pair of English legs
 Did march three Frenchmen.—Yet, forgive me,
 God,

That I do brag thus ! This your air of France 160
 Hath blown that vice in me ; I must repent.
 Go, therefore, tell thy master here I am ;
 My ransom is this frail and worthless trunk,
 My army but a weak and sickly guard ;

- 165 Yet, God before, tell him we will come on,
 Though France himself and such another neighbour
 Stand in our way. There's for thy labor, Montjoy.
 Go, bid thy master well advise himself:
 If we may pass, we will ; if we be hinder'd,
 170 We shall your tawny ground with your red blood
 Discolor : and so, Montjoy, fare you well.
 The sum of all our answer is but this :
 We would not seek a battle, as we are ;
 Nor, as we are, we say we will not shun it ;
 175 So tell your master.

Mont. I shall deliver so. Thanks to your high-
 ness. [Exit.

Glo. I hope they will not come upon us now.

K. Hen. We are in God's hand, brother, not
 in theirs.

- March to the bridge ; it now draws toward night.
 180 Beyond the river we'll encamp ourselves,
 And on to-morrow bid them march away.
[Exeunt.

SCENE VII.—*The French Camp, near Agincourt*

Enter the Constable of France, the LORD RAMBURES, the DUKE OF ORLEANS, DAUPHIN, and others.

Con. Tut ! I have the best armor of the world.
 Would it were day.

Orl. You have an excellent armor ; but let my
 horse have his due.

5 *Con.* It is the best horse of Europe.

Orl. Will it never be morning ?

Dau. My Lord of Orleans, and my lord high constable, you talk of horse and armor—

Orl. You are as well provided of both as any prince in the world. 10

Dau. What a long night is this !—I will not change my horse with any that treads but on four pasterns. *Ça, ha !* He bounds from the earth as if his entrails were hairs ; *le cheval volant*, the Pegasus, *qui a les narines de feu !* When I 15
bestride him, I soar, I am a hawk : he trots the air ; the earth sings when he touches it ; the basest horn of his hoof is more musical than the pipe of Hermes.

Orl. He's of the color of the nutmeg. 20

Dau. And of the heat of the ginger. It is a beast for Perseus : he is pure air and fire ; and the dull elements of earth and water never appear in him, but only in patient stillness while his rider mounts him. He is indeed a horse ; and all other 25
jades you may call beasts.

Con. Indeed, my lord, it is a most absolute and excellent horse.

Dau. It is the prince of palfreys ; his neigh is like the bidding of a monarch, and his countenance enforces homage. 30

Orl. No more, cousin.

Dau. Nay, the man hath no wit that cannot, from the rising of the lark to the lodging of the lamb, vary deserved praise on my palfrey. It is a 35
theme as fluent as the sea ; turn the sands into eloquent tongues, and my horse is argument for them all : 'tis a subject for a sovereign to reason on, and for a sovereign's sovereign to ride on ; and for the world, familiar to us and unknown, to 40

lay apart their particular functions and wonder at him. I once writ a sonnet in his praise, and began thus : " Wonder of nature—"

Orl. I have heard a sonnet begin so to one's
45 mistress.

Dau. Then did they imitate that which I composed to my courser, for my horse is my mistress.

Con. Nay, methought yesterday your mistress shrewdly shook your back.

50 *Dau.* So, perhaps, did yours.

Con. Mine was not bridled.

Dau. O ! then belike she was old and gentle ; and you rode, like a kern of Ireland, your French hose off, and in your strait strossers.

55 *Con.* You have good judgment in horsemanship.

Ram. My lord constable, the armor that I saw in your tent to-night, are those stars or suns upon it ?

60 *Con.* Stars, my lord.

Dau. Some of them will fall to-morrow, I hope.

Con. And yet my sky shall not want.

Dau. That may be, for you bear a many superfluously, and 'twere more honor some were
65 away.

Con. Even as your horse bears your praises ; who would trot as well were some of your brags dismounted.

Dau. Would I were able to load him with
70 his desert ! Will it never be day ? I will trot to-morrow a mile, and my way shall be paved with English faces.

Con. I will not say so, for fear I should be faced out of my way. But I would it were morn-

ing, for I would fain be about the ears of the English. 75

Ram. Who will go to hazard with me for twenty prisoners?

Con. You must first go yourself to hazard, ere you have them. 80

Dau. 'Tis midnight, I'll go arm myself. [*Exit.*]

Orl. The Dauphin longs for morning.

Ram. He longs to eat the English.

Con. I think he will eat all he kills.

Orl. By the white hand of my lady, he's a gal-
lant prince. 85

Con. Swear by her foot, that she may tread out the oath.

Orl. He is simply the most active gentleman of France. 90

Con. Doing is activity; and he will still be doing.

Orl. He never did harm, that I heard of.

Con. Nor will do none to-morrow: he will keep that good name still. 95

Orl. I know him to be valiant.

Con. I was told that by one that knows him better than you.

Orl. What's he?

Con. Marry, he told me so himself; and he
said he cared not who knew it. 100

Orl. He needs not, it is no hidden virtue in him.

Con. By my faith, sir, but it is; never anybody saw it but his lackey: 'tis a hooded valor; and, when it appears, it will bate. 105

Orl. Ill-will never said well.

Con. I will cap that proverb with—There is flattery in friendship.

Orl. And I will take up that with—Give the
110 devil his due.

Con. Well placed; there stands your friend
for the devil: have at the very eye of that proverb
with—A plague of the devil.

Orl. You are the better at proverbs, by how
115 much—A fool's bolt is soon shot.

Con. You have shot over.

Orl. 'Tis not the first time you were overshot.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My Lord high constable, the English
lie within fifteen hundred paces of your tents.

120 *Con.* Who hath measured the ground?

Mess. The Lord Grandpré.

Con. A valiant and most expert gentleman.—
Would it were day!—Alas, poor Harry of Eng-
land! he longs not for the dawning as we do.

125 *Orl.* What a wretched and peevish fellow is
this king of England, to mope with his fat-brained
followers so far out of his knowledge!

Con. If the English had any apprehension,
they would run away.

130 *Orl.* That they lack; for, if their heads had
any intellectual armor, they could never wear
such heavy head-pieces.

Ram. That island of England breeds very
valiant creatures; their mastiffs are of unmatch-
135 able courage.

Orl. Foolish curs, that run winking into the
mouth of a Russian bear, and have their heads
crushed like rotten apples! You may as well say
that's a valiant flea that dare eat his breakfast on
140 the lip of a lion.

Con. Just, just; and the men do sympathise with the mastiffs in robustious and rough coming on, leaving their wits with their wives: and then give them great meals of beef and iron and steel, they will eat like wolves and fight like devils. 145

Orl. Ay, but these English are shrewdly out of beef.

Con. Then shall we find to-morrow they have only stomachs to eat and none to fight. Now is it time to arm: come, shall we about it? 150

Orl. It is now two o'clock; but, let me see, by ten,
We shall have each a hundred Englishmen.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

PROLOGUE.

Enter CHORUS.

Cho. Now entertain conjecture of a time
When creeping murmur and the poring dark
Fills the wide vessel of the universe.
From camp to camp, through the foul womb of
night,
The hum of either army stilly sounds, . 5
That the fix'd sentinels almost receive
The secret whispers of each other's watch.
Fire answers fire; and through their paly flames
Each battle sees the other's umber'd face:
Steed threatens steed, in high and boastful neighs 10
Piercing the night's dull ear; and from the tents,

The armorers, accomplishing the knights,
With busy hammers closing rivets up,
Give dreadful note of preparation.

- 15 The country cocks do crow, the clocks do toll,
And the third hour of drowsy morning name.
Proud of their numbers and secure in soul,
The confident and over-lusty French
Do the low-rated English play at dice ;
- 20 And chide the cripple tardy-gaited night,
Who, like a foul and ugly witch, doth limp
So tediously away. The poor condemnèd English,
Like sacrifices, by their watchful fires
Sit patiently, and inly ruminatè
- 25 The morning's danger ; and their gesture sad,
Investing lank-lean cheeks and war-worn coats,
Presenteth them unto the gazing moon
So many horrid ghosts. O now, who will behold
The royal captain of this ruin'd band
- 30 Walking from watch to watch, from tent to tent,
Let him cry, " Praise and glory on his head !"
For forth he goes and visits all his host,
Bids them good-morrow with a modest smile,
And calls them brothers, friends, and countrymen.
- 35 Upon his royal face there is no note
How dread an army hath enrounded him ;
Nor doth he dedicate one jot of color
Unto the weary and all-watchèd night ;
But freshly looks, and overbears attaint
- 40 With cheerful semblance and sweet majesty ;
That every wretch, pining and pale before,
Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks :
A largess universal like the sun
His liberal eye doth give to every one,
- 45 Thawing cold fear that mean and gentle all

Behold, as may unworthiness define,
 A little touch of Harry in the night.
 And so our scene must to the battle fly ;
 Where (O for pity !) we shall much disgrace,
 With four or five most vile and ragged foils, 50
 Right ill-dispos'd in brawl ridiculous,
 The name of Agincourt. Yet, sit and see,
 Minding true things by what their mockeries be.
[Exit.

SCENE I.—*The English Camp at Agincourt.*

Enter KING HENRY, BEDFORD, and GLOSTER.

K. Hen. Gloster, 'tis true that we are in great
 danger ;

The greater therefore should our courage be.
 Good-morrow, brother Bedford. God Almighty !
 There is some soul of goodness in things evil,
 Would men observingly distil it out. 5
 For our bad neighbour makes us early stirrers,
 Which is both healthful and good husbandry :
 Besides, they are our outward consciences,
 And preachers to us all, admonishing
 That we should dress us fairly for our end. 10
 Thus may we gather honey from the weed,
 And make a moral of the devil himself.

Enter ERPINGHAM.

Good-morrow, old Sir Thomas Erpingham :
 A good soft pillow for that good white head
 Were better than a churlish turf of France. 15

Erp. Not so, my liege ; this lodging likes me
 better,
 Since I may say, " Now lie I like a king."

K. Hen. 'Tis good for men to love their present pains

Upon example ; so the spirit is eas'd :

20 And, when the mind is quicken'd, out of doubt
The organs, though defunct and dead before,
Break up their drowsy grave, and newly move
With casted slough and fresh legerity.

Lend me thy cloak, Sir Thomas.—Brothers both,
25 Commend me to the princes in our camp ;
Do my good-morrow to them ; and anon
Desire them all to my pavilion.

Glo. We shall, my liege.

[*Exeunt* GLOSTER and BEDFORD.]

Erp. Shall I attend your grace ?

30 *K. Hen.* No, my good knight ;
Go with my brothers to my lords of England :
I and my bosom must debate awhile,
And then I would no other company.

Erp. The Lord in heaven bless thee, noble
Harry ! [Exit ERPINGHAM.]

35 *K. Hen.* God-a-mercy, old heart ! thou speak'st
cheerfully.

Enter PISTOL.

Pist. *Qui va là ?*

K. Hen. A friend.

Pist. Discuss unto me ; art thou officer ?

Or art thou base, common, and popular ?

40 *K. Hen.* I am a gentleman of a company.

Pist. Trail'st thou the puissant pike ?

K. Hen. Even so. What are you ?

Pist. As good a gentleman as the emperor.

K. Hen. Then you are a better than the king.

45 *Pist.* The king's a bawcock, and a heart of gold,

A lad of life, an imp of fame ;
 Of parents good, of fist most valiant.
 I kiss his dirty shoe, and from heart string
 I love the lovely bully. What's thy name ?

K. Hen. Harry *le Roi*. 50

Pist. *Le Roy* ! a Cornish name ; art thou of
 Cornish crew ?

K. Hen. No, I am a Welshman.

Pist. Knowest thou Fluellen ?

K. Hen. Yes.

Pist. Tell him I'll knock his leek about his
 pate 55

Upon Saint Davy's day.

K. Hen. Do not you wear your dagger in your
 cap that day, lest he knock that about yours.

Pist. Art thou his friend ?

K. Hen. And his kinsman too. 60

Pist. The *figo* for thee, then !

K. Hen. I thank you : God be with you !

Pist. My name is Pistol called. [*Exit.*

K. Hen. It sorts well with your fierceness.

Enter FLUELLEN and GOWER, severally.

Gow. Captain Fluellen ! 65

Flu. So ! in the name of all goodness, speak
 lower. It is the greatest admiration in the uni-
 versal 'orld when the true and auncient preroga-
 tifs and laws of the wars is not kept : if you would
 take the pains but to examine the wars of Pompey 70
 the Great, you shall find, I warrant you, that there
 is no tiddle-taddle nor pibble-pabble in Pompey's
 camp ; I warrant you, you shall find the ceremo-
 nies of the wars and the cares of it and the forms

75 of it and the sobriety of it and the modesty of it
to be otherwise.

Gow. Why, the enemy is loud : you hear him
all night.

Flu. If the enemy is an ass and a fool and a
80 prating coxcomb, is it meet, think you, that we
should also, look you, be an ass and a fool and a
prating coxcomb ? in your own conscience, now ?

Gow. I will speak lower.

Flu. I pray you and beseech you that you will.
[*Exeunt GOWER and FLUELLEN.*]

85 *K. Hen.* Though it appear a little out of fashion,
there is much care and valor in this Welshman.

*Enter three soldiers, BATES, COURT, and
WILLIAMS.*

Court. Brother John Bates, is not that the
morning which breaks yonder ?

Bates. I think it be : but we have no great
90 cause to desire the approach of day.

Will. We see yonder the beginning of the day,
but I think we shall never see the end of it.—Who
goes there ?

K. Hen. A friend.

95 *Will.* Under what captain serve you ?

K. Hen. Under Sir Thomas Erpingham.

Will. A good old commander and a most kind
gentleman : I pray you, what thinks he of our estate ?

K. Hen. Even as men wrecked upon a sand,
100 that look to be washed off the next tide.

Bates. He hath not told his thought to the king ?

K. Hen. No ; nor it is not meet he should.
For, though I speak it to you, I think the king is
but a man, as I am ; the violet smells to him as it

doth to me ; the element shows to him as it doth 105
 to me ; all his senses have but human condi-
 tions : his ceremonies laid by, in his nakedness he
 appears but a man ; and though his affections are
 higher mounted than ours, yet, when they stoop,
 they stoop with the like wing. Therefore, when 110
 he sees reason of fears, as we do, his fears out of
 doubt be of the same relish as ours are : yet in
 reason no man should possess him with any ap-
 pearance of fear, lest he, by showing it, should dis-
 hearten his army. 115

Bates. He may show what outward courage
 he will : but, I believe, as cold a night as 'tis, he
 could wish himself in Thames up to the neck ;
 and so I would he were, and I by him, at all ad-
 ventures, so we were quit here. 120

K. Hen. By my troth, I will speak my con-
 science of the king ; I think he would not wish
 himself anywhere but where he is.

Bates. Then I would he were here alone ; so
 should he be sure to be ransomed, and a many 125
 poor men's lives saved.

K. Hen. I dare say you love him not so ill to
 wish him here alone, howsoever you speak this to
 feel other men's minds. Methinks I could not die
 anywhere so contented as in the king's company ; 130
 his cause being just and his quarrel honorable.

Will. That's more than we know.

Bates. Ay, or more than we should seek after ;
 for we know enough if we know we are the king's
 subjects ; if his cause be wrong, our obedience to 135
 the king wipes the crime of it out of us.

Will. But, if the cause be not good, the king
 himself hath a heavy reckoning to make, when all

those legs and arms and heads, chopped off in a
140 battle, shall join together at the latter day, and
cry all, " We died at such a place ; " some swear-
ing, some crying for a surgeon, some upon their
wives left poor behind them, some upon the debts
they owe, some upon their children rawly left. I
145 am afraid there are few die well that die in a
battle ; for how can they charitably dispose of
anything when blood is their argument ? Now,
if these men do not die well, it will be a black
matter for the king that led them to it ; whom to
150 disobey were against all proportion of subjection.

K. Hen. So, if a son that is by his father sent
about merchandise do sinfully miscarry upon the
sea, the imputation of his wickedness, by your
rule, should be imposed upon his father that sent
155 him : or, if a servant, under his master's command
transporting a sum of money, be assailed by rob-
bers and die in many irreconciled iniquities, you
may call the business of the master the author of
the servant's damnation. But this is not so : the
160 king is not bound to answer the particular end-
ings of his soldiers, the father of his son, nor the
master of his servant ; for they purpose not their
death when they purpose their services. Besides,
there is no king, be his cause never so spotless, if
165 it come to the abitrement of swords, can try it
out with all unspotted soldiers. Some, peradvent-
ture, have on them the guilt of premeditated and
contrived murder ; some, of beguiling virgins with
the broken seals of perjury ; some, making the
170 wars their bulwark, that have before gored the
gentle bosom of peace with pillage and robbery.
Now, if these men have defeated the law and out-

run native punishment, though they can outstrip men, they have no wings to fly from God : war is his beadle, war is his vengeance ; so that here 175 men are punished for before-breach of the king's laws in now the king's quarrel : where they feared the death, they have borne life away ; and, where they would be safe, they perish : then, if they die unprovided, no more is the king guilty of their 180 damnation than he was before guilty of those impieties for the which they are now visited. Every subject's duty is the king's ; but every subject's soul is his own. Therefore should every soldier in the wars do as every sick man in his bed, wash every 185 mote out of his conscience : and, dying so, death is to him advantage ; or, not dying, the time was blessedly lost wherein such preparation was gained : and in him that escapes it were not sin to think that, making God so free an offer, he let 190 him outlive that day to see his greatness and to teach others how they should prepare.

Will. 'Tis certain, every man that dies ill, the ill is upon his own head, the king is not to answer it.

Bates. I do not desire he should answer for 195 me ; and yet I determine to fight lustily for him.

K. Hen. I myself heard the king say he would not be ransomed.

Will. Ay, he said so to make us fight cheerfully : but, when our throats are cut, he may be 200 ransomed, and we ne'er the wiser.

K. Hen. If I live to see it, I will never trust his word after.

Will. You pay him then ! That's a perilous shot out of an elder-gun, that a poor and a pri- 205 vate displeasure can do against a monarch ! you

may as well go about to turn the sun to ice with fanning in his face with a peacock's feather. You'll never trust his word after ! come, 'tis a foolish
210 saying.

K. Hen. Your reproof is something too round ; I should be angry with you, if the time were convenient.

Will. Let it be a quarrel between us, if you live.

215 *K. Hen.* I embrace it.

Will. How shall I know thee again ?

K. Hen. Give me any gage of thine ; and I will wear it in my bonnet : then, if ever thou dar- est acknowledge it, I will make it my quarrel.

220 *Will.* Here's my glove ; give me another of thine.

K. Hen. There.

Will. This will I also wear in my cap ; if ever thou come to me and say, after to-morrow, " This
225 is my glove," by this hand, I will take thee a box on the ear.

K. Hen. If ever I live to see it, I will challenge it.

Will. Thou dar'est as well be hanged.

K. Hen. Well, I will do it, though I take thee
230 in the king's company.

Will. Keep thy word : fare thee well.

Bates. Be friends, you English fools, be friends ; we have French quarrels enow, if you could tell how to reckon.

235 *K. Hen.* Indeed, the French may lay twenty French crowns to one they will beat us ; for they bear them on their shoulders : but it is no Eng- lish treason to cut French crowns ; and to-mor- row the king himself will be a clipper.

[*Exeunt Soldiers.*

Upon the king ! let us our lives, our souls, 240
 Our debts, our careful wives,
 Our children, and our sins lay on the king !
 We must bear all. O hard condition !
 Twin-born with greatness, subject to the breath
 Of every fool, whose sense no more can feel 245
 But his own wringing ! What infinite heart's-ease
 Must kings neglect, that private men enjoy !
 And what have kings that privates have not too,
 Save ceremony—save general ceremony ?
 And what art thou, thou idol ceremony ? 250
 What kind of god art thou, that suffer'st more
 Of mortal griefs than do thy worshippers ?
 What are thy rents ? what are thy comings-in ?
 O ceremony, show me but thy worth !
 What is thy soul of adoration ? 255
 Art thou aught else but place, degree, and form,
 Creating awe and fear in other men ?
 Wherein thou art less happy being feared
 Than they in fearing.
 What drink'st thou oft, instead of homage sweet, 260
 But poison'd flattery ? O, be sick, great great-
 ness,
 And bid thy ceremony give thee cure !
 Think'st thou the fiery fever will go out
 With titles blown from adulation ?
 Will it give place to flexture and low bending ? 265
 Canst thou, when thou command'st the beggar's
 knee,
 Command the health of it ? No, thou proud
 dream,
 That play'st so subtly with a king's repose :
 I am a king that find thee ; and I know
 'Tis not the balm, the sceptre, and the ball, 270

The sword, the mace, the crown imperial,
 The inter-tissu'd robe of gold and pearl,
 The farcèd title running 'fore the king,
 The throne he sits on, nor the tide of pomp
 275 That beats upon the high shore of this world,—
 No, not all these, thrice gorgeous ceremony,
 Not all these, laid in bed majestical,
 Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave,
 Who with a body fill'd and vacant mind
 280 Gets him to rest, cramm'd with distressful bread :
 Never sees horrid night, the child of hell,
 But, like a lackey, from the rise to set
 Sweats in the eye of Phœbus, and all night
 Sleeps in Elysium ; next day after dawn,
 285 Doth rise and help Hyperion to his horse ;
 And follows so the ever-running year
 With profitable labor to his grave :
 And, but for ceremony, such a wretch,
 Winding up days with toil and nights with sleep,
 290 Had the fore-hand and vantage of a king.
 The slave, a member of the country's peace,
 Enjoys it ; but in gross brain little wots
 What watch the king keeps to maintain the peace,
 Whose hours the peasant best advantages.

Enter ERPINGHAM.

295 *Erp.* My lord, your nobles, jealous of your absence,
 Seek through your camp to find you.
K. Hen. Good old knight,
 Collect them all together at my tent :
 I'll be before thee.
 300 *Erp.* I shall do't, my lord. [*Exit.*

K. Hen. O God of battles ! steel my soldiers' hearts !

Possess them not with fear ! Take from them now
The sense of reckoning, if the opposèd numbers
Pluck their hearts from them !—Not to-day, O
Lord,

O, not to-day, think not upon the fault 305

My father made in compassing the crown !

I Richard's body have interrèd new ;

And on it have bestow'd more contrite tears

Than from it issu'd forcèd drops of blood.

Five hundred poor I have in yearly pay, 310

Who twice a day their wither'd hands hold up

Toward heaven to pardon blood ; and I have
built

Two chantries, where the sad and solemn priests

Sing still for Richard's soul. More will I do ;

Though all that I can do is nothing worth, 315

Since that my penitence comes after all,

Imploring pardon.

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. My liege !

K. Hen. My brother Gloster's voice ?—Ay ;

I know thy errand, I will go with thee :— 320

The day, my friends, and all things stay for me.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The French Camp.*

*Enter DAUPHIN, ORLEANS, RAMBURES, and
others.*

Orl. The sun doth gild our armor ; up, my
lords.

Dau. *Montez à cheval* :—My horse ! *varlet ! laquais !* ha !

5 *Orl.* O brave spirit !

Dau. *Via ! les eaux et la terre—*

Orl. *Rien puis ? l'air et le feu—*

Dau. *Ceil !* cousin Orleans.—

Enter CONSTABLE.

Now, my lord constable !

10 *Con.* Hark, how our steeds for present service neigh.

Dau. Mount them, and make incision in their hides,

That their hot blood may spin in English eyes,
And dout them with superfluous courage : ha !

15 *Ram.* What, will you have them weep our horses' blood ?

How shall we then behold their natural tears ?

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The English are embattled, you French peers.

Con. To horse, you gallant princes ! straight to horse !

20 Do but behold yon poor and starvèd band,
And your fair show shall suck away their souls,
Leaving them but the shales and husks of men.
There is not work enough for all our hands ;
Scarce blood enough in all their sickly veins

25 To give each naked curtle-axe a stain,
That our French gallants shall to-day draw out,
And sheathe for lack of sport : let us but blow on them,

The vapor of our valor will o'erturn them.

'Tis positive 'gainst all exceptions, lords,
 That our superfluous lackeys and our peasants, 30
 Who in unnecessary action swarm
 About our squares of battle, were enow
 To purge this field of such a hilding foe,
 Though we upon this mountain's basis by
 Took stand for idle speculation : 35
 But that our honors must not. What's to say ?
 A very little little let us do,
 And all is done. Then let the trumpets sound
 The tucket-sonance and the note to mount :
 For our approach shall so much dare the field 40
 That England shall couch down in fear and yield.

Enter GRANDPRÉ.

Grand. Why do you stay so long, my lords of
 France ?

Yon island carrions, desperate of their bones,
 Ill-favor'dly become the morning field :
 Their ragged curtains poorly are let loose, 45
 And our air shakes them passing scornfully.
 Big Mars seems bankrupt in their beggar'd host,
 And faintly through a rusty beaver peeps.
 The horsemen sit like fixèd candlesticks,
 With torch-staves in their hand ; and their poor
 jades 50
 Lob down their heads, dropping the hides and
 hips,
 The gum down-roping from their pale-dead eyes,
 And in their pale, dull mouths the gimmel-bit
 Lies foul with chew'd grass, still and motionless ;
 And their executors, the knavish crows, 55
 Fly o'er them, all impatient for their hour.
 Description cannot suit itself in words

To demonstrate the life of such a battle
In life so lifeless as it shows itself.

60 *Con.* They have said their prayers, and they
stay for death.

Dau. Shall we go send them dinners and
fresh suits,
And give their fasting horses provender,
And after fight with them ?

Con. I stay but for my guidon. To the field !—
65 I will the banner from a trumpet take,
And use it for my haste. Come, come, away !
The sun is high, and we outwear the day. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The English Camp.*

Enter the English Host ; GLOSTER, BEDFORD,
EXETER, SALISBURY, and WESTMORELAND.

Glo. Where is the king ?

Bed. The king himself is rode to view their
battle.

West. Of fighting-men they have full three-
score thousand.

Exe. There's five to one ; besides, they all are
fresh.

5 *Sal.* God's arm strike with us ! 'tis a fearful
odds.

God be wi' you, princes all ; I'll to my charge ;
If we no more meet till we meet in heaven,
Then, joyfully ;—my noble Lord of Bedford,
My dear Lord Gloster, and my good Lord Exeter,
10 And my kind kinsman—warriors all, adieu !

Bed. Farewell, good Salisbury ; and good luck
go with thee !

Exe. Farewell, kind lord, fight valiantly to-day ;

And yet I do thee wrong to mind thee of it,
For thou art fram'd of the firm truth of valor.

[*Exit* SALISBURY.]

Bed. He is as full of valor as of kindness ; 15
Princely in both.

West. O, that we now had here

Enter KING HENRY.

But one ten thousand of those men in England
That do no work to-day !

K. Hen. What's he that wishes so ? 20
My cousin Westmoreland ?—No, my fair cousin :
If we are marked to die, we are enow
To do our country loss ; and, if to live,
The fewer men the greater share of honor.
God's will ! I pray thee, wish not one man more. 25

By Jove, I am not covetous for gold,
Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost ;
It yearns me not if men my garments wear ;
Such outward things dwell not in my desires :
But, if it be a sin to covet honor, 30
I am the most offending soul alive.

No, faith, my coz, wish not a man from England :
God's peace ! I would not lose so great an honor
As one man more, methinks, would share from
me

For the best hope I have. O, do not wish one
more. 35

Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my
host,
That he which hath no stomach to this fight,

Let him depart ; his passport shall be made,
And crowns for convoy put into his purse :
40 We would not die in that man's company
That fears his fellowship to die with us.
This day is call'd the feast of Crispian.
He that outlives this day and comes safe home
Will stand a tip-toe when this day is nam'd,
45 And rouse him at the name of Crispian.
He that shall live this day and see old age
Will yearly, on the vigil, feast his neighbours,
And say, " To-morrow is Saint Crispian : "
Then will he strip his sleeve and show his scars,
50 And say, " These wounds I had on Crispin's day."
Old men forget ; yet all shall be forgot,
But he'll remember with advantages
What feats he did that day : then shall our names,
Familiar in their mouths as household words—
55 Harry the king, Bedford and Exeter,
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloster—
Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd.
This story shall the good man teach his son ;
And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,
60 From this day to the ending of the world,
But we in it shall be rememberèd—
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers ;
For he to-day that sheds his blood with me
Shall be my brother ; be he ne'er so vile,
65 This day shall gentle his condition :
And gentlemen in England now a-bed
Shall think themselves accurs'd they were not
here ;
And hold their manhoods cheap whiles any
speaks
That fought with us upon St. Crispin's day.

Re-enter SALISBURY.

Sal. My sovereign lord, bestow yourself with
speed : 70

The French are bravely in their battles set,
And will with all expedience charge on us.

K. Hen. All things are ready, if our minds be
so.

West. Perish the man whose mind is back-
ward now.

K. Hen. Thou dost not wish more help from
England, coz ? 75

West. God's will ! my liege, would you and I
alone,

Without more help, could fight this royal battle !

K. Hen. Why, now thou hast unwish'd five
thousand men ;

Which likes me better than to wish us one. 80
You know your places : God be with you all !

Tucket. Enter MONTJOY.

Mont. Once more I come to know of thee, King
Harry,

If for thy ransom thou wilt now compound,

Before thy most assurèd overthrow :

For certainly thou art so near the gulf

Thou needs must be englutted. Besides, in mercy, 85

The Constable desires thee thou wilt mind

Thy followers of repentance : that their souls

May make a peaceful and a sweet retire

From off these fields, where, wretches, their poor
bodies

Must lie and fester. 90

K. Hen. Who hath sent thee now ?

Mont. The Constable of France.

K. Hen. I pray thee, bear my former answer
back;

Bid them achieve me and then sell my bones.
95 Good God! why should they mock poor fellows
thus?

The man that once did sell the lion's skin,
While the beast liv'd, was kill'd while hunting
him.

A many of our bodies shall no doubt
Find native graves; upon the which, I trust,
100 Shall witness live in brass of this day's work:
And those that leave their valiant bones in France,
Dying like men, though buried in your dunghills,
They shall be fam'd; for there the sun shall greet
them,

And draw their honors reeking up to heaven,
105 Leaving their earthly parts to choke your clime,
The smell whereof shall breed a plague in France.
Mark then abounding valor in our English,
That, being dead, like to the bullet's grazing,
Break out into a second course of mischief,
110 Killing in relapse of mortality.

Let me speak proudly:—tell the Constable
We are but warriors for the working-day:
Our gayness and our gilt are all besmirch'd
With rainy marching in the painful field;
115 There's not a piece of feather in our host—
Good argument, I hope, we will not fly—
And time hath worn us into slovenry:
But, by the mass, our hearts are in the trim;
And my poor soldiers tell me yet ere night
120 They'll be in fresher robes, or they will pluck
The gay new coats o'er the French soldiers' heads,

And turn them out of service. If they do this—
 As, if God please, they shall,—my ransom then
 Will soon be levied. Herald, save thou thy labor ;
 Come thou no more for ransom, gentle herald ; 125
 They shall have none, I swear, but these my joints ;
 Which if they have as I will leave 'em them,
 Shall yield them little, tell the Constable.

Mont. I shall, King Harry. And so fare thee
 well :

Thou never shalt hear herald any more. [*Exit.* 130

K. Hen. I fear thou'lt once more come again
 for ransom.

Enter the DUKE OF YORK.

York. My lord, most humbly on my knee I beg
 The leading of the vaward.

K. Hen. Take it, brave York.—Now, soldiers,
 march away :

And how thou pleasest, God, dispose the day ! 135

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*The Field of Battle.*

*Alarums; Excursions. Enter French Soldier,
 PISTOL, and Boy.*

Pist. Yield, cur !

Fr. Sol. *Je pense que vous êtes le gentil-
 homme de bonne qualité.*

Pist. Quality ! Callino, castore me ! Art thou
 a gentleman ? What is thy name ? discuss. 5

Fr. Sol. *O Seigneur Dieu !*

Pist. O, Signieur Dew should be a gentleman :—
 Perpend my words, O Signieur Dew, and mark ;—

O Signieur Dew, thou diest on point of fox,
 10 Except, O signieur, thou dost give to me
 Egreious ransom.

Fr. Sol. *O, prenez miséricorde ! ayez pitié
 de moi !*

Pist. Moy shall not serve, I will have forty
 moys ;

Or I will fetch thy rim out at thy throat
 15 In drops of crimson blood.

Fr. Sol. *Est-il impossible d'échapper la force
 de ton bras ?*

Pist. Brass, cur !

Thou shameless and luxurious mountain goat,
 20 Offer'st me brass ?

Fr. Sol. *O, pardonnez moi !*

Pist. Say'st thou me so ? is that a ton of moys ?
 Come hither, boy : ask me this slave in French
 What is his name.

25 *Boy.* *Écoutez ; comment êtes vous appelé ?*

Fr. Sol. *Monsieur le Fer.*

Boy. He says his name is Master Fer.

Pist. Master Fer ! I'll fer him and firk him and
 ferret him :—discuss the same in French unto him.

30 *Boy.* I do not know the French for *fer* and
ferret and *firk*.

Pist. Bid him prepare, for I will cut his throat.

Fr. Sol. *Que dit-il, monsieur ?*

Boy. *Il me commande de vous dire que vous*
 35 *faites vous prêt ; car ce soldat ici est disposé*
tout à cette heure de couper votre gorge.

Pist. *Oui, couper la gorge, par ma foi.*

Peasant, unless thou give me crowns, brave
 crowns :

Or mangled shalt thou bè by this my sword..

Fr. Sol. O, je vous supplie, pour l'amour de 40
Dieu, me pardonner ! Je suis gentilhomme de
bonne maison ; gardez ma vie, et je vous don-
nerai deux cent écus.

Pist. What are his words ?

Boy. He prays you to save his life : he is a 45
gentleman of a good house ; and for his ransom
he will give you two hundred crowns.

Pist. Tell him my fury shall abate, and I
The crowns will take.

Fr. Sol. Petit monsieur, que dit-il ? 50

Boy. Encore qu'il est contre son jurement de
pardonner aucun prisonnier ; néanmoins, pour
les écus que vous l'avez promis, il est content
de vous donner la liberté, le franchisement.

Fr. Sol. Sur mes genoux je vous donne mille 55
remercimens ; et je m'estime heureux que je
suis tombé entre les mains d'un chevalier, je
pense, le plus brave, vaillant, et très distingué
seigneur d'Angleterre.

Pist. Expound unto me, boy. 60

Boy. He gives you, upon his knees, a thousand
thanks : and he esteems himself happy that he
hath fallen into the hands of one, as he thinks, the
most brave, valorous, and thrice-worthy signieur
of England. 65

Pist. As I suck blood, I will some mercy
show.—

Follow me.

[Exit PISTOL.

Boy. Suivez vous le grand capitaine. [Exit
French Soldier.] I did never know so full a voice
issue from so empty a heart : but the saying is 70
true, "The empty vessel makes the greatest sound."
Bardolph and Nym had ten times more valor than

this roaring devil i' the old play, that every one
 may pare his nails with a wooden dagger; and
 75 they are both hanged; and so would this be, if he
 durst steal anything adventurously. I must stay
 with the lackeys, with the luggage of our camp:
 the French might have a good prey of us, if he
 knew of it; for there is none to guard it but boys.
 [Exit.

SCENE V.—*Another Part of the Field of Battle.*

Alarums. Enter DAUPHIN, ORLEANS, BOURBON, CONSTABLE, RAMBURES, and others.

Con. O diable!

Orl. O seigneur!—le jour est perdu, tout est perdu!

Dau. Mort de ma vie! all is confounded, all,
 5 Reproach and everlasting shame
 Sits mocking in our plumes.—*O méchante fortune!*

Do not run away. [A short alarum.

Con. Why, all our ranks are broke.

Dau. O perdurable shame!—let's stab ourselves.

10 Be these the wretches that we play'd at dice for?

Orl. Is this the king we sent to for his ransom?

Bour. Shame and eternal shame, nothing but shame!

Let's die in honor: once more back again;

And he that will not follow Bourbon now,

15 Let him go hence.

Con. Disorder, that hath spoil'd us, friend us now!

Let us on heaps go offer up our lives.

Orl. We are enow yet living in the field
To smother up the English in our throngs,
If any order might be thought upon. 20

Bour. The devil take order now ! I'll to the
throng ;
Let life be short ; else shame will be too long.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*Another Part of the Field.*

Alarmus. Enter KING HENRY and Forces ;
EXETER, and others, with Prisoners.

K. Hen. Well have we done, thrice-valiant
countrymen :
But all's not done, yet keep the French the field.

Exe. The Duke of York commends him to
your majesty.

K. Hen. Lives he, good uncle ? thrice within
this hour
I saw him down ; thrice up again and fighting ; 5
From helmet to the spur all blood he was.

Exe. In which array, brave soldier, doth he
lie
Larding the plain : and by his bloody side,
Yoke-fellow to his honor-owing wounds,
The noble Earl of Suffolk also lies. 10
Suffolk first died : and York, all haggled over,
Comes to him, where in gore he lay insteep'd,
And takes him by the beard, kisses the gashes,
That bloodily did yawn upon his face,
And cries aloud, "Tarry, dear cousin Suffolk ! 15
My soul shall thine keep company to heaven ;

Tarry, sweet soul, for mine, then fly a-breast,
 As in this glorious and well-foughten field
 We kept together in our chivalry !”

20 Upon these words I came, and cheer'd him up :
 He smil'd me in the face, raught me his hand,
 And with a feeble gripe, says, “ Dear my lord,
 Commend my service to my sovereign.”

So did he turn, and over Suffolk's neck
 25 He threw his wounded arm and kiss'd his lips ;
 And so, espous'd to death, with blood he seal'd
 A testament of noble-ending love.
 The pretty and sweet manner of it forc'd
 Those waters from me which I would have
 stopp'd ;

30 But I had not so much of man in me,
 And all my mother came into mine eyes
 And gave me up to tears.

K. Hen. I blame you not ;
 For, hearing this, I must perforce compound
 35 With mistful eyes, or they will issue too.—

[*Alarum.*
 But, hark ! what new alarum is this same ?—
 The French have reinforc'd their scatter'd men :—
 Then every soldier kill his prisoners ;
 Give the word through. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—*Another Part of the Field.*

Alarums. Enter FLUELLEN and GOWER.

Flu. Kill the poys and the luggage ! 'tis expressly against the law of arms : 'tis as arrant a piece of knavery, mark you now, as can be offer't. In your conscience now, is it not ?

Gow. 'Tis certain there's not a boy left alive ; 5
and the cowardly rascals that ran from the battle
ha' done this slaughter : besides, they have
burned and carried away all that was in the king's
tent ; wherefore the king, most worthily, hath
caused every soldier to cut his prisoner's throat. 10
O, 'tis a gallant king !

Flu. Ay, he was porn at Monmouth, Cap-
tain Gower. What call you the town's name
where Alexander the Pig was porn ?

Gow. Alexander the Great. 15

Flu. Why, I pray you, is not pig great ? The
pig or the great or the mighty or the huge or the
magnanimous are all one reckonings, save the
phrase is a little variations.

Gow. I think Alexander the Great was born 20
in Macedon ; his father was called Philip of Mac-
edon, as I take it.

Flu. I think it is in Macedon where Alexander
is porn. I tell you, captain, if you look in the
maps of the 'orld, I warrant you sall find, in the 25
comparisons between Macedon and Monmouth,
that the situations, look you, is both alike. There
is a river in Macedon ; and there is also moreover
a river at Monmouth : it is called Wye at Mon-
mouth ; but it is out of my prains what is the 30
name of the other river ; but 'tis all one, 'tis alike
as my fingers is to my fingers, and there is sal-
mons in both. If you mark Alexander's life well,
Harry of Monmouth's life is come after it indiffer-
ent well ; for there is figures in all things. Alex- 35
ander, Got knows, and you know, in his rages and
his furies and his wraths and his cholers and his
moods and his displeasures and his indignations

and also being a little intoxicates in his prains
 40 did, in his ales and his angers, look you, kill his
 pest friend, Cleitus.

Gow. Our king is not like him in that; he
 never killed any of his friends.

Flu. It is not well done, mark you now, to
 45 take the tales out of my mouth, ere it is made and
 finished. I speak but in the figures and com-
 parisons of it: as Alexander killed his friend
 Cleitus, being in his ales and his cups; so also
 Harry Monmouth, being in his right wits and his
 50 goot judgments, turned away the fat knight with
 the great pelly-doublet: he was full of jests and
 gipes and knaveries and mocks; I have forgot his
 name.

Gow. Sir John Falstaff.

55 *Flu.* That is he: I'll tell you there is goot men
 porn at Monmouth.

Gow. Here comes his majesty.

Alarum. Enter KING HENRY with a part of
 the English Forces; WARWICK, GLOSTER,
 EXETER, and others.

K. Hen. I was not angry since I came to
 France

Until this instant. Take a trumpet, herald;
 60 Ride thou unto the horsemen on yon hill:
 If they will fight with us, bid them come down,
 Or void the field; they do offend our sight:
 If they'll do neither, we will come to them,
 And make them skirr away, as swift as stones
 65 Enforcèd from the old Assyrian slings:
 Besides, we'll cut the throats of those we have,

And not a man of them that we shall take
Shall taste our mercy : go and tell them so.

Exe. Here comes the herald of the French,
my liege.

Glo. His eyes are humbler than they us'd to be. 70

Enter MONTJOY.

K. Hen. How now ! what means this, herald ?
know'st thou not

That I have fin'd these bones of mine for ransom ?
Com'st thou again for ransom ?

Mont. No, great king,
I come to thee for charitable license, 75
That we may wander o'er this bloody field.
To book our dead and then to bury them ;
To sort our nobles from our common men.

For many of our princes—woe the while !—
Lie drown'd and soak'd in mercenary blood ; 80
So do our vulgar drench their peasant limbs
In blood of princes ; and their wounded steeds
Fret fetlock deep in gore, and with wild rage
Yerk out their armèd heels at their dead masters,
Killing them twice. O, give us leave, great king, 85
To view the field in safety, and dispose
Of their dead bodies !

K. Hen. I tell thee truly, herald,
I know not if the day be ours or no ;
For yet a many of your horsemen peer 90
And gallop o'er the field.

Mont. The day is yours.

K. Hen. Praisèd be God, and not our
strength, for it !

What is this castle call'd that stands hard by ?

Mont. They call it Agincourt. 95

K. Hen. Then call we this the field of Agincourt,
Fought on the day of Crispin Crispianus.

Flu. Your grandfather of famous memory,
100 Edward the Plack Prince of Wales, as I have read
in the chronicles, fought a most prave pattle here
in France.

K. Hen. They did, Fluellen.

Flu. Your majesty says very true: if your
105 majesties is remembered of it, the Welshmen did
goot service in a garden where leeks did grow,
wearing leeks in their Monmouth caps; which,
your majesty know, to this hour is an honorable
padge of the service; and I do believe your maj-
110 esty takes no scorn to wear the leek upon Saint
Tavy's day.

K. Hen. I wear it for a memorable honor;
For I am Welsh, you know, good countryman.

Flu. All the water in Wye cannot wash your
115 majesty's Welsh plood out of your pody, I can tell
you that: Got pless it and preserve it, as long as
it pleases his grace, and his majesty too!

K. Hen. Thanks, good my countryman.

Flu. I am your majesty's countryman, I care
120 not who know it; I will confess it to all the 'orld:
I need not be ashamed of your majesty, praised be
Got, so long as your majesty is an honest man.

K. Hen. God keep me so!—Our heralds go
with him;
Bring me just notice of the numbers dead
125 On both our parts. Call yonder fellow hither.

[*Points to WILLIAMS. Exeunt MONTJOY
and others.*]

Exe. Soldier, you must come to the king.

K. Hen. Soldier, why wearest thou that glove in thy cap?

Will. An't please your majesty, 'tis the gage of one that I should fight withal, if he be alive. 130

K. Hen. An Englishman?

Will. An't please your majesty, a rascal that swaggered with me last night; who, if 'a live; and ever dare to challenge this glove, I have sworn to take him a box o' the ear: or, if I can see my 135 glove in his cap, which he swore, as he was a soldier, he would wear if alive, I will strike it out soundly.

K. Hen. What think you, Captain Fluellen? is it fit this soldier keep his oath? 140

Flu. He is a craven and a villain else, an't please your majesty, in my conscience.

K. Hen. It may be his enemy is a gentleman of great sort, quite from the answer of his degree.

Flu. Though he be as goot a gentleman as 145 the tevil is, as Lucifer and Belzebug himself, it is necessary, look your grace, that he keep his vow and his oath: if he be perjured, see you now, his reputation is as arrant a villain, and a Jack-sauce, as ever his plack shoe trod upon Got's ground 150 and his earth, in my conscience, la.

K. Hen. Then keep thy vow, sirrah, when thou meetest the fellow.

Will. So I will, my liege, as I live.

K. Hen. Who servest thou under? 155

Will. Under Captain Gower, my liege.

Flu. Gower is a goot captain; and is goot knowledge and literated in the wars.

K. Hen. Call him hither to me, soldier.

160 *Will.* I will, my liege. [Exit.

K. Hen. Here, Fluellen ; wear thou this favor for me, and stick it in thy cap. When Alençon and myself were down together, I plucked this glove from his helm : if any man challenge this,
165 he is a friend to Alençon and an enemy to our person ; if thou encounter any such, apprehend him, an thou dost me love.

Flu. Your grace does me as great honors as can be desired in the hearts of his subjects : I
170 would fain see the man, that has but two legs, that shall find himself aggrieved at this glove, that is all ; but I would fain see it once, an please Got of his grace that I might see it.

K. Hen. Knowest thou Gower ?

175 *Fiu.* He is my dear friend, an please you.

K. Hen. Pray thee, go seek him, and bring him to my tent.

Flu. I will fetch him. [Exit.

K. Hen. My Lord of Warwick, and my brother Gloster,

180 Follow Fluellen closely at the heels :

The glove which I have given him for a favor

May haply purchase him a box o' the ear ;

It is the soldier's ; I by bargain should

Wear it myself. Follow, good cousin Warwick :

185 If that the soldier strike him, as I judge

By his blunt bearing he will keep his word,

Some sudden mischief may arise of it ;

For I do know Fluellen valiant,

And, touch'd with choler, hot as gunpowder,

190 And quickly will return an injury :

Follow, and see there be no harm between them.

Go you with me, uncle of Exeter. [Exeunt.

SCENE VIII.—*Before KING HENRY'S Pavilion.*

Enter GOWER and WILLIAMS.

Will. I warrant it is to knight you, captain.

Enter FLUELLEN.

Flu. Captain, I peseech you now, come apace to the king : there is more goot toward you, per-adventure, than is in your knowledge to dream of.

Will. Sir, know you this glove ?

Flu. Know the glove ? I know the glove is a glove. 5

Will. I know this, and thus I challenge it.

[*Strikes him.*

Flu. 'Splood, an arrant traitor as any's in the universal 'orld or in France or in England. 10

Gow. How now, sir, you villain !

Will. Do you think I'll be forsworn ?

Flu. Stand away, Captain Gower ; I will give treason his payment into plows, I warrant you.

Will. I am no traitor.

Flu. That's a lie in thy throat. I charge you in his majesty's name, apprehend him ; he's a friend of the Duke Alençon's. 15

Enter WARWICK and GLOSTER.

War. How now, how now ! what's the matter ?

Flu. My Lord of Warwick, here is a most contagious treason come to light, look you,—Praised be Got for it !—as you shall desire in a summer's day. Here is his majesty. 20

Enter KING HENRY and EXETER.

K. Hen. How now ! what's the matter ?

25 *Flu.* My liege, here is a villain and a traitor that, look your grace, has struck the glove which your majesty is take out of the helmet of Alençon.

Will. My liege, this was my glove ; here is the fellow of it ; and he that I gave it to in change
30 promised to wear it in his cap ; I promised to strike him, if he did : I met this man with my glove in his cap, and I have been as good as my word.

Flu. Your majesty hear now, saving your
35 majesty's manhood, what an arrant, rascally, beggarly knave it is : I hope your majesty is pear me testimony and witness, and will avouchment, that this is the glove of Alençon, that your majesty is give me, in your conscience, now.

40 *K. Hen.* Give me thy glove, soldier ! Look, here's the fellow of it.

'Twas I, indeed, thou promisedst to strike ;
And thou hast given me most bitter terms.

Flu. An please your majesty, let his neck
45 answer for it, if there is any martial law in the 'orld.

K. Hen. How canst thou make me satisfaction ?

Will. All offences, my lord, come from the
50 heart : never came any from mine that might offend your majesty.

K. Hen. It was ourself thou didst abuse.

Will. Your majesty came not like yourself :
you appeared to me but as a common man : wit-
55 ness the night, your garments, your lowliness ;

and what your highness suffered under that shape,
I beseech you take it for your own fault and not
mine: for, had you been as I took you for, I
made no offence; therefore, I beseech your high-
ness, pardon me. 60

K. Hen. Here, uncle Exeter, fill this glove with
crowns,

And give it to this fellow. Keep it, fellow;
And wear it for an honor in thy cap
Till I do challenge it.—Give him the crowns:—
And, captain, you must needs be friends with
him. 65

Flu. By this day and this light, the fellow has
mettle enough in his pelly.—Hold, there is twelve
pence for you, and I pray you to serve Got, and
keep you out of prawls and prabbles and quarrels
and dissensions, and, I warrant you, it is the petter 70
for you.

Will. I will none of your money.

Flu. It is with a goot will; I can tell you it
will serve you to mend your shoes. Come, where-
fore should you be so pashful? your shoes is not 75
so goot: 'tis a good silling, I warrant you, or I
will change it.

Enter an English Herald.

K. Hen. Now, herald, are the dead number'd?

Her. Here is the number of the slaughter'd
French. [*Delivers a paper.*

K. Hen. What prisoners of good sort are taken,
uncle? 80

Exe. Charles Duke of Orleans, nephew to the
king;
John Duke of Bourbon, and Lord Bouciqualt:

Of other lords and barons, knights and squires,
Full fifteen hundred, besides common men.

85 *K. Hen.* This note doth tell me of ten thousand
French

That in the field lie slain: of princes in this
number,

And nobles bearing banners, there lie dead

One hundred twenty-six: added to these,

Of knights, esquires, and gallant gentlemen,

90 Eight thousand and four hundred; of the which,

Five hundred were but yesterday dubb'd knights;

So that, in these ten thousand they have lost,

There are but sixteen hundred mercenaries;

The rest are princes, barons, lords, knights,
squires,

95 And gentlemen of blood and quality.

The names of those their nobles that lie dead—

Charles Delabreth, high constable of France;

Jaques of Chatillon, admiral of France;

The master of the cross-bows, Lord Rambures;

100 Great master of France, the brave Sir Guichard
Dauphin;

John Duke of Alençon; Anthony Duke of Brabant,

The brother to the Duke of Burgundy;

And Edward Duke of Bar: of lusty earls,

Grandpré and Roussi, Fauconberg and Foix,

105 Beaumont and Marle, Vaudemont and Lestrale.—

Here was a royal fellowship of death!

Where is the number of our English dead?

[Herald *presents another paper.*

Edward the Duke of York, the Earl of Suffolk,

Sir Richard Ketly, Davy Gam, esquire:

110 None else of name; and, of all other men,

But five-and-twenty. O God, thy arm was here,
 And not to us, but to thy arm alone,
 Ascribe we all !—When, without stratagem,
 But in plain shock and even play of battle,
 Was ever known so great and little loss, 115
 On one part and on the other ?—Take it, God,
 For it is none but thine !

Exe. 'Tis wonderful !

K. Hen. Come, go we in procession to the
 village :

And be it death proclaimèd through our host 120
 To boast of this or take that praise from God
 Which is his only.

Flu. Is it not lawful, an please your majesty,
 to tell how many is killed ?

K. Hen. Yes, captain ; but with this acknowl- 125
 edgment—
 That God fought for us.

Flu. Yes, my conscience.

K. Hen. Do we all holy rites ;
 Let there be sung *Non Nobis* and *Te Deum* ; 130
 The dead with charity enclos'd in clay :
 And then to Calais ; and to England then,
 Where ne'er from France arriv'd more happy
 men. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

PROLOGUE.

Enter CHORUS.

Chor. Vouchsafe to those that have not read
 the story,
 That I may prompt them : and of such as have,

I humbly pray them to admit the excuse
 Of time, of numbers, and due course of things,
 5 Which cannot in their huge and proper life
 Be here presented. Now we bear the king
 Toward Calais : grant him there ; there seen,
 Heave him away upon your wingèd thoughts
 Athwart the sea. Behold the English beach
 10 Pales in the flood with men, with wives, and boys,
 Whose shouts and claps out-voice the deep-
 mouth'd sea,
 Which, like a mighty whiffler 'fore the king,
 Seems to prepare his way : so let him land,
 And solemnly see him set on to London.
 15 So swift a pace hath thought that even now
 You may imagine him upon Blackheath :
 Where that his lords desire him to have borne
 His bruised helmet and his bended sword
 Before him through the city ; he forbids it,
 20 Being free from vainness and self-glorious pride ;
 Giving full trophy, signal and ostent,
 Quite from himself to God. But now behold,
 In the quick forge and working-house of thought,
 How London doth pour out her citizens !
 25 The mayor and all his brethren in best sort,
 Like to the senators of the antique Rome,
 With the plebeians swarming at their heels,
 Go forth and fetch their conquering Cæsar in :
 As, by a lower but loving likelihood,
 30 Were now the general of our gracious empress,
 As in good time he may, from Ireland coming,
 Bringing rebellion broachèd on his sword,
 How many would the peaceful city quit
 To welcome him ! much more, and much more
 cause,

Did they this Harry. Now in London place him ; 35
 As yet the lamentation of the French
 Invites the King of England's stay at home :
 The emperor's coming in behalf of France
 To order peace between them ; and omit
 All the occurrences, whatever chanc'd, 40
 Till Harry's back-return again to France :
 There must we bring him ; and myself have
 play'd
 The interim by remembering you 'tis past.
 Then brook abridgment ; and your eyes advance,
 After your thoughts, straight back again to
 France. [Exit. 45

SCENE I.—*France. An English Court of Guard.*

Enter FLUELLEN and GOWER.

Gow. Nay, that's right ; but why wear you
 your leek to-day ? Saint Davy's day is past.

Flu. There is occasions and causes why and
 wherefore in all things ; I will tell you, asse my
 friend, Captain Gower. The rascally, scald, beg- 5
 garly, praggng knave, Pistol, which you and
 yourself and all the 'orld know to be no petter
 than a fellow, look you now, of no merits,—he is
 come to me and prings me pread and salt yester-
 day, look you, and bid me eat my leek : it was in 10
 a place where I could not breed no contention
 with him ; but I will be so pold as to wear it in
 my cap till I see him once again, and then I will
 tell him a little piece of my desires.

Gow. Why, here he comes, swelling like a 15
 turkey-cock.

Flu. 'Tis no matter for his swellings nor his turkey-cocks.

Enter PISTOL.

Got pless you, Auncient Pistol ! you scurvy, lousy
20 knave, Got pless you !

Pist. Ha ! art thou bedlam ? dost thou thirst,
base Trojan,

To have me fold up Parca's fatal web ?

Hence ! I am qualmish at the smell of leek.

25 *Flu.* I peseech you heartily, scurvy, lousy
knave, at my desires and my requests and my pe-
titions, to eat, look you, this leek ; because, look
you, you do not love it, nor your affections and
your appetites and your digestions does not agree
30 with it, I would desire you to eat it.

Pist. Not for Cadwallader and all his goats.

Flu. There is one goat for you. [*Strikes
him.*] Will you be so goot, scald knave, as eat it ?

Pist. Base Trojan, thou shalt die.

35 *Flu.* You say very true, scald knave, when
Got's will is : I will desire you to live in the mean
time, and eat your victuals ; come, there is sauce
for it. [*Striking him again.*] You called me
yesterday mountain-squire, but I will make you
40 to-day a squire of low degree. I pray you, fall to ;
if you can mock a leek, you can eat a leek.

Gow. Enough, captain ; you have astonished
him.

Flu. I say I will make him eat some part of
45 my leek, or I will peat his pate four days.—Pite, I
pray you ; it is goot for your green wound and
your ploody coxcomb.

Pist. Must I bite ?

Flu. Yes, certainly, and out of doubt and out of questions too and ambiguities. 50

Pist. By this leek, I will most horribly revenge ; I eat and eat, I swear—

Flu. Eat, I pray you. Will you have some more sauce to your leek ? there is not enough leek to swear by. 55

Pist. Quiet thy cudgel ; thou dost see I eat.

Flu. Much goot to you, scald knave, heartily. Nay, pray you, throw none away ; the skin is goot for your proken coxcomb. When you take occasions to see leeks hereafter, I pray you, mock at 60 'em ; that is all.

Pist. Good.

Flu. Ay, leeks is goot.—Hold you, there is a groat to heal your pate.

Pist. Me a groat ! 65

Flu. Yes, verily and in truth, you shall take it ; or I have another leek in my pocket, which you shall eat.

Pist. I take thy groat in earnest of revenge.

Flu. If I owe you anything, I will pay you in 70 cudgels ; you shall be a woodmonger, and buy nothing of me but cudgels. God be wi' you and keep you and heal your pate. [*Exit.*]

Pist. All hell shall stir for this.

Gow. Go, go ; you are a counterfeit cowardly 75 knave. Will you mock at an ancient tradition—begun upon an honorable respect, and worn as a memorable trophy of predeceased valor—and dare not avouch in your deeds any of your words ? I have seen you gleeking and galling at this 80 gentleman twice or thrice. You thought, because he could not speak English in the native garb, he

could not therefore handle an English cudgel : you
find it otherwise ; and henceforth let a Welsh
85 correction teach you a good English condition.
Fare ye well. [Exit.

Pist. Doth Fortune play the huswife with me
now ?

News have I that my Nell is dead i' the spital ;
And there my rendezvous is quite cut off.
90 Old I do wax ; and from my weary limbs
Honor is cudgell'd. Well, pimp will I turn,
And something lean to cutpurse of quick hand.
To England will I steal, and there I'll steal :
And patches will I get unto these scars,
95 And swear I got them in the Gallia wars.

[Exit.

SCENE II.—*Troyes, in Champagne. An Apartment in the French King's Palace.*

Enter from one side, KING HENRY, BEDFORD, GLOSTER, EXETER, WARWICK, WESTMORELAND, and other Lords ; from the other side, the French King, QUEEN ISABEL, the PRINCESS KATHARINE, Lords, Ladies, etc., the DUKE OF BURGUNDY, and his Train.

K. Hen. Peace to this meeting, wherefore we
are met !

Unto our brother France, and to our sister,
Health and fair time of day ; joy and good wishes
To our most fair and princely cousin Katharine ;
5 And, as a branch and member of this royalty,
By whom this great assembly is contriv'd,
We do salute you, Duke of Burgundy ;
And, princes French, and peers, health to you all !

Fr. King. Right joyous are we to behold your
face,

Most worthy brother England ; fairly met : 10
So are you, princes English, every one.

Q. Isa. So happy be the issue, brother Eng-
land,

Of this good day and of this gracious meeting
As we are now glad to behold your eyes ;
Your eyes, which hitherto hath borne in them 15
Against the French, that met them in their bent,
The fatal balls of murdering basilisks :
The venom of such looks, we fairly hope,
Have lost their quality ; and that this day
Shall change all griefs and quarrels into love. 20

K. Hen. To cry amen to that thus we appear.

Q. Isa. You English princes all, I do salute you.

Bur. My duty to you both, on equal love,
Great Kings of France and England ! That I have
labor'd

With all my wits, my pains, and strong endeavors 25
To bring your most imperial majesties
Unto this bar and royal interview

Your mightiness on both parts best can witness.
Since then my office hath so far prevail'd
That face to face, and royal eye to eye, 30

You have congreeted, let it not disgrace me,
If I demand, before this royal view,
What rub or what impediment there is,
Why that the naked, poor, and mangled Peace,
Dear nurse of arts, plenties, and joyful births, 35

Should not, in this best garden of the world,
Our fertile France, put up her lovely visage ?
Alas, she hath from France too long been chas'd !
And all her husbandry doth lie on heaps,

- 40 Corrupting in it own fertility.
 Her vine, the merry cheerer of the heart,
 Unpruned dies : her hedges even-pleach'd,
 Like prisoners wildly overgrown with hair,
 Put forth disorder'd twigs ; her fallow leas
- 45 The darnel, hemlock, and rank fumitory
 Doth root upon ; while that the coulter rusts
 That should deracinate such savagery :
 The even mead, that erst brought sweetly forth
 The freckled cowslip, burnet, and green clover,
- 50 Wanting the scythe, all uncorrected, rank,
 Conceives by idleness ; and nothing teems
 But hateful docks, rough thistles, kecksies, burs,
 Losing both beauty and utility :
 And as our vineyards, fallows, meads, and hedges,
- 55 Defective in their natures, grow to wildness,
 Even so our houses and ourselves and children
 Have lost or do not learn, for want of time,
 The sciences that should become our country ;
 But grow like savages—as soldiers will
- 60 That nothing do but meditate on blood—
 To swearing and stern looks, diffus'd attire,
 And everything that seems unnatural.
 Which to reduce into our former favor
 You are assembled ; and my speech entreats
- 65 That I may know the let, why gentle Peace
 Should not expel these inconveniences,
 And bless us with her former qualities.
- K. Hen.* If, Duke of Burgundy, you would the
 peace,
 Whose want gives growth to the imperfections
- 70 Which you have cited, you must buy that peace
 With full accord to all our just demands ;
 Whose tenors and particular effects

You have, enschedul'd briefly, in your hands.

Bur. The king hath heard them ; to the which,
as yet,

There is no answer made. 75

K. Hen. Well then, the peace,

Which you before so urg'd, lies in his answer.

Fr. King. I have but with a cursorary eye
O'er-glanc'd the articles : pleaseth your grace
To appoint some of your council presently 80

To sit with us once more, with better heed

To re-survey them, we will suddenly

Pass our accept and peremptory answer.

K. Hen. Brother, we shall. Go, uncle Exeter,
And brother Clarence, and you, brother Gloster, 85

Warwick, and Huntington,—go with the king :

And take with you free power to ratify,

Augment, or alter, as your wisdoms best

Shall see advantageable for our dignity,
Anything in or out of our demands, 90

And we'll consign thereto. Will you, fair sister,

Go with the princes or stay here with us ?

Q. Isa. Our gracious brother, I will go with
them ;

Haply a woman's voice may do some good,
When articles too nicely urg'd be stood on. 95

K. Hen. Yet leave our cousin Katharine here
with us ;

She is our capital demand, compris'd.

Within the fore rank of our articles.

Q. Isa. She hath good leave.

*Exeunt all but HENRY, KATHARINE, and her
Gentlewoman.*

K. Hen. Fair Katharine, and most fair ! 100

Will you vouchsafe to teach a soldier terms
Such as will enter at a lady's ear
And plead his love-suit to her gentle heart ?

Kath. Your majesty shall mock at me ; I cannot
105 speak your England.

K. Hen. O fair Katharine, if you will love me
soundly with your French heart, I will be glad to
hear you confess it brokenly with your English
tongue. Do you like me, Kate ?

110 *Kath.* *Pardonnez moi*, I cannot tell vat is like
me.

K. Hen. An angel is like you, Kate, and you
are like an angel.

Kath. *Que dit-il ? que je suis semblable à
les anges ?*

115 *Alice.* *Oui, vraiment, sauf votre grace, ainsi
dit-il.*

K. Hen. I said so, dear Katharine, and I must
not blush to affirm it.

Kath. *O bon Dieu ! les langues des hommes
120 sont pleines des tromperies.*

K. Hen. What says she, fair one ? that the
tongues of men are full of deceits ?

Alice. *Oui ;* dat the tongues of de mans is be
full of deceits : dat is de princess.

125 *K. Hen.* The princess is the better English-
woman. I' faith, Kate, my wooing is fit for thy
understanding : I am glad thou canst speak no
better English ; for, if thou couldst, thou wouldst
find me such a plain king that thou wouldst
130 think I had sold my farm to buy my crown. I
know no ways to mince it in love, but directly to
say, "I love you : " then, if you urge me further
than to say, " Do you in faith ? " I wear out my

suit. Give me your answer : i' faith, do ; and so clap hands and a bargain : how say you, lady ! 135

Kath. *Sauf votre honneur*, me understand well.

K. Hen. Marry, if you would put me to verses or to dance for your sake, Kate, why you undid me : for the one, I have neither words nor meas- 140
ure ; and for the other, I have no strength in measure, yet a reasonable measure in strength. If I could win a lady at leap-frog, or by vaulting into my saddle with my armor on my back, under the correction of bragging be it spoken, I should 145
quickly have a wife. Or, if I might buffet for my love, or bound my horse for her favors, I could lay on like a butcher and sit like a jack-an-apes, never off. But, Kate, I cannot look greenly, nor gasp out my eloquence, nor I have no cunning in pro- 150
testation ; only downright oaths, which I never use till urged, nor never break for urging. If thou canst love a fellow of this temper, Kate, whose face is not worth sun-burning, that never looks in his glass for love of anything he sees there, 155
let thine eye be thy cook. I speak to thee plain soldier : if thou canst love me for this, take me ; if not, to say to thee that I shall die is true : but for thy love, no ; yet I love thee too. And while thou livest, dear Kate, take a fellow of plain and 160
uncoined constancy ; for he perforce must do thee right, because he hath not the gift to woo in other places : for these fellows of infinite tongue, that can rhyme themselves into ladies' favors, they do always reason themselves out again. What ! a 165
speaker is but a prater ; a rhyme is but a ballad. A good leg will fall ; a straight back will stoop ;

a black beard will turn white ; a curled pate will grow bald ; a fair face will wither ; a full eye will
 170 wax hollow : but a good heart, Kate, is the sun and the moon ; or rather the sun and not the moon ; for it shines bright and never changes but keeps his course truly. If thou would have such a one, take me : and take me, take a soldier ;
 175 take a soldier, take a king. And what sayest thou then to my love ? speak, my fair, and fairly, I pray thee.

Kath. Is it possible dat I sould love de enemy of France ?

180 *K. Hen.* No, it is not possible you should love the enemy of France, Kate ; but, in loving me, you should love the friend of France ; for I love France so well that I will not part with a village of it ; I will have it all mine : and, Kate, when
 185 France is mine and I am yours, then yours is France and you are mine.

Kath. I cannot tell vat is dat.

K. Hen. No, Kate ? I will tell thee in French ; which I am sure will hang upon my tongue like
 190 a new-married wife about her husband's neck, hardly to be shook off. *Quand j'ai la possession de France, et quand vous avez la possession de moi* (let me see, what then ? Saint Denis be my speed !)—*donc votre est France, et vous êtes*
 195 *mienne.* It is as easy for me, Kate, to conquer the kingdom as to speak so much more French : I shall never move thee in French, unless it be to laugh at me.

Kath. *Sauf votre honneur, le Français que*
 200 *vous parlez est meilleur que l'Anglais lequel je parle.*

K. Hen. No, faith, is't not, Kate: but thy speaking of my tongue, and I thine, most truly-falsely, must needs be granted to be much at one. But, Kate, dost thou understand thus much Eng- 205
lish—canst thou love me?

Kath. I cannot tell.

K. Hen. Can any of your neighbours tell, Kate? I'll ask them. Come, I know thou lovest me: and at night, when you come into your closet, 210
you'll question this gentlewoman about me; and I know, Kate, you will to her dispraise those parts in me that you love with your heart; but, good Kate, mock me mercifully; the rather, gentle princess, because I love thee cruelly. How an- 215
swer you, *la plus belle Katharine du monde, mon très chère et divine déesse?*

Kath. Your *majesté* 'ave *fausse* French enough to deceive de most *sage demoiselle* dat is *en*
France. 220

K. Hen. Now, fie upon my false French! By mine honor, in true English, I love thee, Kate; by which honor, I dare not swear thou lovest me; yet my blood begins to flatter me that thou dost, notwithstanding the poor and untempering effect 225
of my visage. I was created with a stubborn outside, with an aspect of iron, that when I come to woo ladies I fright them. But, in faith, Kate, the elder I wax, the better I shall appear: my comfort is, that old age, that ill layer-up of beauty, 230
can do no more spoil upon my face: thou hast me, if thou hast me, at the worst; and thou shalt wear me, if thou wear me, better and better. And therefore tell me, most fair Katharine, will you have me? Put off your maiden blushes; 235

avouch the thoughts of your heart with the looks of an empress ; take me by the hand, and say, " Harry of England, I am thine : " which word thou shalt no sooner bless mine ear withal, but I
 240 will tell thee aloud, " England is thine, Ireland is thine, France is thine, and Henry Plantagenet is thine ; " who, though I speak it before his face, if he be not fellow with the best king, thou shalt find the best king of good fellows. Come, your
 245 answer in broken music ; for thy voice is music, and thy English broken : therefore, queen of all, Katharine, break thy mind to me in broken English,—wilt thou have me ?

Kath. Dat is as it sall please de *roi mon*
 250 *père.*

K. Hen. Nay, it will please him well, Kate ; it shall please him, Kate.

Kath. Den it sall also content me.

K. Hen. Upon that I kiss your hand, and I call
 255 you my queen.

Kath. *Laissez, mon seigneur, laissez, laissez ; ma foi, je ne veux point que vous abaissiez votre grandeur en baisant la main d'une votre indigne serviteure ; excusez moi, je*
 260 *vous supplie, mon très puissant seigneur.*

K. Hen. Then I will kiss your lips, Kate.

Kath. *Les dames et demoiselles pour être baissées devant leur nocés, il n'est pas la coutume de France.*

265 *K. Hen.* Madam, my interpreter, what says she ?

Alice. Dat it is not be de fashion *pour les* ladies of France—I cannot tell vat is *baiser en* English.

K. Hen. To kiss. 270

Alice. Your majesty *entendre* better *que moi*.

K. Hen. It is not a fashion for the maids in France to kiss before they are married, would she say ?

Alice. *Oui, vraiment.* 275

K. Hen. O Kate, nice customs curtsy to great kings. Dear Kate, you and I cannot be confined within the weak list of a country's fashion : we are the makers of manners, Kate ; and the liberty that follows our places stops the mouths of all 280 find-faults ; as I will do yours, for upholding the nice fashion of your country in denying me a kiss ; therefore, patiently and yielding. [*Kissing her.*] You have witchcraft in your lips, Kate ; there is more eloquence in a sugar touch of them than in 285 the tongues of the French council ; and they should sooner persuade Harry of England than a general petition of monarchs. Here comes your father.

Enter the French KING and QUEEN, BURGUNDY, BEDFORD, GLOSTER, EXETER, WESTMORELAND, and other French and English Lords.

Bur. God save your majesty ! my royal cousin, 290 teach you our princess English ?

K. Hen. I would have her learn, my fair cousin, how perfectly I love her : and that is good English.

Bur. Is she not apt ? 295

K. Hen. Our tongue is rough, coz ; and my condition is not smooth : so that, having neither the voice nor the heart of flattery about me, I can-

not so conjure up the spirit of love in her that he
 300 will appear in his true likeness. Shall Kate be
 my wife?

Fr. King. So please you. We have consented
 to all terms of reason.

K. Hen. Is't so, my lords of England?

305 *West.* The king hath granted every article :
 His daughter, first ; and then in sequel all,
 According to their firm proposèd natures.

Exe. Only he hath not yet subscribed this :
 Where your majesty demands that the king of
 310 France, having any occasion to write for matter
 of grant, shall name your highness in this form
 and with this addition, in French—*Notre très
 cher fils Henri, roi d'Angleterre, Hèritier de
 France* ; and thus in Latin—*Præclarissimus
 315 filius noster Henricus, Rex Angliæ, et Hæres
 Franciæ.*

Fr. King. Nor this I have not, brother, so de-
 nied

But your request shall make me let it pass.

K. Hen. I pray you then, in love and dear al-
 liance,

320 Let that one article rank with the rest ;
 And thereupon give me your daughter.

Fr. King. Take her, fair son, and from her
 blood raise up

Issue to me ; that the contending kingdoms
 Of France and England, whose very shores look
 pale

325 With envy of each other's happiness,
 May cease their hatred, and this dear conjunc-
 tion

Plant neighbourhood and Christian-like accord

In their sweet bosoms, that never war advance
His bleeding sword 'twixt England and fair
France.

All. Amen!

330

K. Hen. Now, welcome, Kate; and bear me
witness all

That here I kiss her as my sovereign queen.

[*Flourish.*

Q. Isa. God, the best maker of all marriages,
Combine your hearts in one, your realms in one!

As man and wife, being two, are one in love, 335

So be there 'twixt your kingdoms such a spousal
That never may ill office, or fell jealousy,

Which troubles oft the bed of blessed marriage,
Thrust in between the paction of these kingdoms

To make divorce of their incorporate league; 340

That English may as French, French Englishmen,
Receive each other!—God speak this Amen!

All. Amen!

K. Hen. Prepare we for our marriage; on
which day,

My Lord of Burgundy, we'll take your oath, 345

And all the peers', for surety of our leagues.

Then shall I swear to Kate, and you to me;

And may our oaths well kept and prosperous be!

[*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.

Enter CHORUS.

Chor. Thus far, with rough and all-unable
pen,

Our bending author hath pursued the story:

In little room confining mighty men,

Mangling by starts the full course of their glory.

5 Small time, but in that small most greatly lived
This star of England : Fortune made his sword ;
● By which the world's best garden he achiev'd,
And of it left his son imperial lord.
Henry the Sixth, in infant bands crown'd King
10 Of France and England, did this king succeed ;
Whose state so many had the managing
That they lost France and made his England
bleed ;
Which oft our stage hath shown ; and, for their
sake,
In your fair minds let this acceptance take. [*Exit.*

NOTES.

ABBREVIATIONS.—A. S. = Anglo-Saxon; Cf. = confer (compare); Cog. = cognate; E. = English; Fr. = French; Gr. = Greek; Lat. = Latin; Lit. = literally; M. E. = Middle English; O. Fr. = Old French; pa. p. = past participle; pr. p. = present participle; C. Ed. = Collin's Edition; Cl. Pr. Ed. = Clarendon Press Edition; L. S. = Longman Series; R. Ed. = Rugby Ed. Notes without signature or quotation marks are from Chambers' edition.

PROLOGUE.

The Chorus explains the subject and the action of the play, and supplies a narrative of the events which are to be understood as occurring during the intervals between the Acts. In the time of Shakespeare a *chorus* was the technical term for the prologue.

1-2. **A Muse**, etc., an inspiring influence.—**Invention**, imagination. In Shakespeare it has also these meanings: (1) A discovery or invention (the literal meaning); (2) a forgery or falsehood; (3) thought, idea; (4) the inventive or imaginative faculty.

4. **The swelling scene**, the increasing pomp and splendor of the scene.

6. **Mars**, the Roman god of war.

7. **Leash'd in like hounds**, bound and led like hounds.

8. **Gentles**, gentlefolks.

9. **Unraisèd**, not elevated in thought.

10. **Scaffold**, stage. O. Fr. *escafaut* (Fr. *échafaud*). The former part of the word is of Romance origin, and appears in Spanish *catar*, to see—Lat. *captare*, and is thus cog. with E. *catch*; the latter part is seen in E. *balcony*, and is from a Teutonic root.

11. **Object**, representation, spectacle.—**Cockpit**. The small compass of the theatre was better suited for a cock-fight than the representation of Henry's battles.

13. **This wooden O**. The Globe Theatre, where this play was perhaps first acted, was in the form of an octagon. It was built in 1598 or 1599 by Burbage.—Cl. Pr. Ed.

16. **Attest**, represent, certify.

17. **Ciphers to this great accompt**, who are as nothing in comparison with the characters who figured in the actual drama.—**Accompt**, account.

18. **Imaginary forces**, powers of imagination.

19. **Girdle**, compass. A.S. *gyrdel*—*gyrdan*, to gird; cog. with Ger. *gürtel*. Allied words are *garth*, *yard*, and *garden*.

21. **Upreadèd and abutting fronts**, high and projecting shores.—**Abut**, to border (on), to end.

22. **Narrow Ocean**, the English Channel, called in French *La Manche*, from its likeness to a sleeve.—C. Ed.

25. **Make imaginary puissance**, imagine an armed force. *Puissance* is here a trisyllable.

30. **Turning the accomplishment**, etc., representing in an hour what it took many years to accomplish.

31. **For the which supply**, for supplying a narrative of the events.

ACT FIRST.

SCENE I.

1. **Self**=*self-same*. L. S.

2. **The eleventh year**, etc. viz., in 1410, when a vigorous attempt to strip the church of part of its immense possessions was made by the Lollard party under its leader, Sir John Oldcastle, better known as Lord Cobham.

3. **Was like** [to have passed], and **had** [would have] indeed, etc.

4. **Scambling**, scrambling, struggling.

5. **Question** = consideration.

14. **Esquires**, attendants on the knights, lit. "shield bearers." O. Fr. *escuyer*—Low Lat. *scutarius*—Lat. *scutum*, a shield.

15. **Lazars**, persons afflicted with loathsome disease, especially leprosy, like *Lazarus* in the parable.

29-32. **Consideration** = reflection.

34. **A heady currence**, a headlong current.

36. **Nor never**. Negatives were repeated in early English for the sake of emphasis.—**Hydra-headed**. The Hydra that dwelt in a swamp near Lerna in Argos, had nine heads, and no sooner had Hercules knocked off one with his club than two new ones sprang up in its place.

45. **List** is often in Shakespeare used transitively.

47. **Any cause of policy**, any question of politics.

48. **The Gordian knot**. Gordius, king of Phrygia, was originally a poor peasant. Being made king, he dedicated his chariot to Jupiter, in the acropolis of Gordium. An intricate knot of bark fastened the pole to the yoke, and an oracle declared that whoever should loose it would rule over the whole of Asia. Alexander the Great made short work of the difficulty by cutting the knot with his sword.

49. **Familiar**. In Elizabethan English, adjectives are freely used as adverbs.—**That**. *So* is here omitted.

50. **A charter'd libertine**, having a right or charter to move at liberty.

56. **Addiction**, inclination.

57. **Companies**, for companions.

59. **And never** [was there] **noted**, etc.
61. **Popularity**, association with the common people.
65. **Contemplation**, studious disposition.
68. **Yet crescive in his faculty**, yet showing its power of growth. *His*, the old form of the genitive case of *it*. "*Its*" does not occur in Spenser, or the Bible of 1611 (which has *it* where modern editions have *its* in Leviticus, xxv. 5), is found only thrice in Milton. *Its* first appeared in print in 1598.—Prof. Lounsbury.
70. **Needs**, a substantive adverb with the old inflection of the genitive singular *-es*.
75. **Indifferent**, impartial.
78. **Exhibitors**, those who presented the bill.
80. **Upon**, upon the authority of, in consequence of.—**Our spiritual convocation**. The Convocation of the church used to pass ecclesiastical laws and grant subsidies to the crown. It gradually fell into impotence, and was virtually suspended from 1717 to 1840.
90. **The severals and unhidden passages**, the details and clear documentary proofs.
91. **Some certain**, a pleonasm. The dukedoms were Aquitaine, Anjou, Maine, and Normandy.
92. **Seat**, throne.
99. **Embassy**, mission.

SCENE 2.

5. **Cousin** in Shakespeare is used (1) to denote, besides the son or daughter of an uncle or aunt, any kinsman or kinswoman; (2) as a title given by princes to other princes and distinguished noblemen. This last is the meaning here.

12. **Law Salique**. The Salic (from the Bavarian river Saale) law originated in the custom of the Salian Franks, who finally settled in France under their leader Pharamond, about 418, "when the kingdom of France was founded." It was one of their laws that no woman could succeed to an inheritance, lest by marrying she should carry her property and power into another house. The law was first applied to French politics in the fourteenth century. When the English kings laid a claim to the French throne through the female line, it became an article of French patriotism to maintain the Salic law as a necessary safeguard of nationality.

15. "Distort the knowledge gained by reading."
17. **Miscreate**, falsely invented.
20. **In approbation**, in proving or making good our claim."
21. **Your reverence**, "reverence for you."
22. **Impawn**, pledge or engage in.
29. **Mortality**, human life.
41. **Gloze**, to explain away, as by a gloss or comment.
50. **Dishonest**, unchaste.
54. **Meisen**, Meissen, near Dresden, now famous for the manufacture of china.

59. **Defunction**, death.

60. **Idly**, unreasonably, carelessly.

62, 75, 76. **Charles the Great** . . . **Charlemain** . . . The first is Charlemagne, the son of Pepin (690-741): Charlemain is Charles the Bald (*le Chauve*) born 822, died 877.

66. **King Pepin**, "the Short," son of Charles Martel, and the first king of the Carolingian dynasty, He deposed Childeric, the last of the Merovingians, in 751. and reigned till 768.

68. **Blithild**, queen of France, daughter of **Clothaire II.**, and wife of Childeric II.

70. **Hugh Capet**, Duke of France, who, after the death of Louis V., seized the throne, was crowned in 987, and reigned till his death in 996.

71. **Charles the Duke of Lorraine**, received from the Emperor Otho II. the dukedom of Lower Lorraine, and attempted, on the death of Louis V., to seize the crown, but was worsted by Hugh Capet, and flung into prison, where he died in 993.

73. **Find** = provide.

74. **Naught**, worthless, good for nothing. Naught occurs in the *Merchant of Venice* in the sense of "bad, wicked."

75. **Convey'd himself**, managed to pass himself off.

77. The arguments of the archbishop may be thus summed: (1) The Salic law is not, and never was, applicable to France. (2) Three sovereigns had already inherited the throne of France by right of female descent.

89. **King Lewis his satisfaction**. "His" frequently occurs in early English by mistake for 's, the sign of the possessive case, especially after a proper name ending in s. The old inflection of the genitive, -es, seems to have been confounded with the pronoun "his."

94. **To hide them in a net**, to take refuge in subtle intricacies.—**Them** for "themselves," common in Elizabethan English.

95. **Imbar**. "Bar in, secure," is Knight's interpretation. Schmidt takes "imbar" as an intensive form of "bar," to exclude.

99. **Numbers**, xxvii. 1-11.—**Writ** and **wrote** both occur as the pa.p. in Shakespeare.

107. **Play'd a tragedy**, the battle of Crecy (1346).

113. **With half their forces**. One of the three divisions of the army (not the half) was held in reserve under the king, and took no part in the action.

114. **Another**, the other.

115. **Cold for action**, cool, ready for action.—C. Ed.

121. **The very May-morn of his youth**. Henry was born in 1387, and was now in his 27th year.

138. **Proportions to defend**, number of troops necessary for our defence.

139. **Road**, an incursion.
140. **Advantages**, opportunities.—L. S.
141. **Marches**, the border lands.
144. **Coursing snatchers**. The border freebooters were notorious for cattle-lifting.
145. **Main intendment**, chief aim or purpose.
146. **Still**, always.
- Giddy**, fickle, not to be trusted.
152. **The gleanèd land**, stripped of its defenders.—**Essays**, attacks; also spelt "assays."
156. **Fear'd**, frightened.
161. **Impounded as a stray**, confined like a stray animal.
- Pound**, an inclosure where strayed animals are shut up, from A.S. *pyndan*, to shut in.
162. **The king of Scots**, David II., captured at the battle of Neville's Cross (1346) by the English army.
168. **In prey**, in search of prey.
174. **A crush'd necessity**, a forced inference.—C. Ed.
177. **Necessaries**, provisions.
178. **Advisèd**, wary, thoughtful.
181. **Congreeing**, agreeing.
188. **Teach the act of order**, show in a practical way what order is.
190. **Sorts**, various ranks.
192. **Venture**, to risk or speculate in trade. A cargo was termed a venture.
194. **Boot**, plunder. It is merely a form of booty.
196. **Their emperor**. Virgil in the *Georgics* also represents the queen-bee as a male.
197. **Busied in his majesty**, occupied with his kingly duties.
203. **Executors**, executioners.
206. **Contrariouly**, from opposite points, by different ways.
220. **The name of hardiness**, our reputation for bravery.
226. **Empery**, empire.
232. **Like Turkish mute**. To prevent the disclosure of secrets it was a custom among the Turks to cut out the tongues of attendants at courts, of executioners, etc.
233. **Waxen epitaph**, "not worshipped with an epitaph so perishable as one on wax."
246. **In few**, in short.
253. **Galliard**, a lively dance.
- 261-266. These lines are full of punning allusions to the game of tennis.—**Rackets**, the handles with which the balls are struck.—**Play a set** = to have a game at tennis.—**Strike into**, that is, unto the "service" from the "hazard" side.—**Wrangler**, an opponent.—**Courts**. Tennis was played in walled courts, about 90 ft. long by 30 wide.—**Chaces**, the ins and outs of tennis.

265. **Shall strike**, etc. The omission of the relative as the subject is common in Shakespeare.—**Strike . . . into the hazard**. "Hazard," like "chaces," is a term of tennis-play, denoting the hole into which the ball was struck.

271. **Seat**, throne.

275. **State**, chair of state.

282. **To look**, in looking.

284. **Gun-stones**. Cannon balls were at first made out of stone.

309. **God before**, before God.

ACT SECOND.

PROLOGUE.

2. **Silken dalliance**, the robes suited to dalliance.

6. **Mirror**, pattern.

14. **Pale policy**, pale-hearted policy, cowardly scheming.

18. **Would thee do**, would have thee do.

19. **Kind**, true to the spirit of their race, not degenerate. A.S. *cynde*, natural—*cynn*, a tribe. *Kindly* originally means "natural." Cf. "the kindly fruits of the earth."

23. **Richard, Earl of Cambridge**, cousin to Henry IV., and brother to the Duke of York in this play.

24. **Henry Lord Scroop of Masham**, the eldest son of Sir Stephen Scroop, who is one of the characters in *Richard II.* He had married the step-mother of the Earl of Cambridge.

25. **Sir Thomas Grey** of Heton, in Northumberland.

26. **Gilt**, gold bribes. *Guilt* originally meant "a fine," or "a payment," by way of recompense for "an offence." A.S. *gylt*, a crime; connected with *gyld*, a recompense. *Wergild* (A.S. *wer*, man, and *gyldan*, to pay), among the Saxons, was the fine paid as compensation for murder.

31. **Linger**, a transitive verb.—**We'll digest**, we will arrange, dispose of.

32. **Abuse of distance**. This refers to the deception by which the scene is in so short a time transferred from London to Southampton.

34. **Set**, set out.

SCENE I.

3. **Ancient**, an ensign, standard-bearer, a corruption of O. Fr. *enseigne*—L. *insignis*, noted.

10. **There's an end** to what I have to say.

16. **That is my rest**, that is my resolve.

30. **Tike**, cur. A Scandinavian word.

34. **Well-a-day**, alas. It is another form of *wella-way*. A.S. *wā-lā-wā*, woe, lo! woe.

36. **Nothing**, no violence.
42. **Shog off**, move off. *Shog* is perhaps another form of "jog," from a Celtic root.
47. **Maw**, stomach. — **Perdy**, a corruption of Fr. *par Dieu*.
50. **Take**, take aim. — **Cock**. Flint guns in use when the play was written.—R. Ed.
52. **Barbason**, the name of a fiend, or demon; also of an able officer in the service of the Dauphin.—C. Ed.
60. **Exhale**, draw. It is used of the sun drawing up vapors, and thus producing meteors.
64. **Mickle**, great; an old form of "much." A.S. *mycel*, great.
65. **Tall**, valiant.
69. **Coupe le gorge**, Pistol's French for "cut the throat."
70. **Hound of Crete**. The bloodhounds of Crete were much prized in antiquity.
97. **Sword is an oath**. The hilt, being in the form of a cross, was used to swear by.
99. **An**, if.
101. **Prithee**, pray thee.
104. **A noble** = 6s. 8d.
116. **Quotidian**, a fever whose paroxysms return every day. A quotidian tertian is of course an absurdity.
120. **That's the even of it**, that is the plain truth of the matter.
124. **Passes . . . careers**, indulges in jokes and tricks.
125. **Lambkins**, a term of endearment. *Lamb-k-in* (with double diminutive suffix), from A.S. *lamb*.

SCENE 2.

2. **By and by**, immediately. Cf. Luke xxi. 9.—L.S.
3. **Even**, composedly.
9. **Whom he hath dull'd**, etc., whom he hath surfeited with favors till he has lost all sense of gratitude. *Cloy*, to glut, satiate.
18. **Head**, an armed force.
33. **The office of our hand**, the use of our hand.
34. **Quittance**, reward.
40. **Enlarge**, set at large, liberate.
43. **On his more advice**, on more carefully considering his case.
44. **Security** has here the meaning of the Lat. *securitas*, the state of being without care.
46. **His sufferance**, suffering of him, allowing him to go unpunished.
52. **Orisons**, prayers.
- 53-56. **If little faults**, etc. Arising in a distempered state of mind.—L. S.
60. **Late**, lately appointed.

62. **It**, the written commission.
79. **Quick**, alive, living. Cf. "the quick and the dead," "cut to the quick."
86. **Apt**, ready.—**Accord**, agree.
87. **Appertinents**, appurtenances.
99. **Use**, advantage, interest.
100. **May**, can.
103. **Gross**, distinct.
107. **In a natural cause**, a cause to which they were both akin, so there was nothing unnatural in what they did.—Cl. Pr. Ed.
111. **Cunning**, originally the pr.p. of M. E. *cunnen*, to know.—A. S. *cunnan*, to know.—**Fiend**, from A. S. *fiōnd*, *feōnd*, pr.p. of *feōn*, to hate.
112. **Preposterously**, contrary to the natural order of things. Lit. having that first which ought to be last. Lat. *præposterus*—*præ*, before, *posterus*, after.
113. **Instance**, motive.
119. **Jealousy**, suspicion.
121. **Affiance**, confidence.
127. **Blood**, used figuratively for "passion."
128. **Complement**, corresponding outward appearance, the external qualities that go to *complete* the character.
129. **Not working**, etc., not trusting to appearances without enlightened judgment.
131. **Bolted**, sifted, without mixture of vileness.
153. **In sufferance**, in suffering the penalty.
159. **Quit**, acquit, pardon.
163. **Earnest**, money paid in token of a bargain made.
169. **Tender**, regard.
175. **Dear offences**, for which you will suffer dearly.
182. **Rub**, that which causes friction, a hindrance. It is a term of the game of bowls.
184. **Puissance**, forces, army.
186. **The signs of war advance**, bear forward the standards.

SCENE 3.

Eastcheap, "from the A. S. *ceāp*, price, *ceāpian*, to buy. *Cheapside* was one of the main thoroughfares of London."

2. **Staines**, a small town on the road from London to Southampton.

3. **Yearn**, grieve.

9. **In Arthur's bosom**. The hostess means Abraham's bosom.

10. **'A made**, he made. For *he* we sometimes find in early English *ha*, 'a (not confined always to one number or gender) = *he, she, it, they*.—**A finer end**, "a final end."

11. **Christom child**, "like any newly baptised child." The

chrisom was a white cloth put on a newly baptized child, and was worn by it for a time. During that time the infant was called a "chrisom child."

13. **At the turning o' the tide.** The belief is still common that a dying person will linger until the turn of the tide.

30. **Of,** against. **Rheumatic,** she probably means *lunatic*.

44. **Chattels,** properly any kind of property but freehold. A doublet of *cattle*.

45. **Let senses rule.** Johnson proposed "let sense us rule."
—**Pitch and pay,** a proverbial expression for "Pay ready money."

48. **Hold-fast is the only dog.** The proverb is, "Brag is a good dog, but hold-fast is a better."

50. **Clear thy crystals,** rub your glasses (of the hostel).

SCENE 4.

1. **Comes.** The verb is singular, because by "the English" is to be understood the English king.

2. **More than carefully,** with more care than usual.

10. **Gulf,** whirlpool.

26. **Morris dance,** a Moorish dance, said to have been introduced into England from Spain about the time of Edward IV.

27. **Idly king'd,** having a fool for a king, carelessly governed.

36. **In exception,** in taking exception, in offering objections.

39. **The Roman Brutus.** Lucius Junius Brutus, to escape the suspicion of his uncle, Tarquinius Superbus, feigned to be an idiot.

48. **Which, . . . projection,** which being planned on a weak and niggardly scale.

49. **Scouting,** giving hardly enough, limiting.

53. **Flesh'd upon us,** trained or practiced upon us.

53. **Strain,** race, breed; now only used of dogs. M. E. *strend*—A.S. *strynd*, stock—*strynan*, to beget.

59. **His mountain sire.** It has been proposed to read "his mighty sire," as in I. ii. 109. Theobald substituted "mounting" in the sense of *aspiring*.—Cl. Pr. Ed.

67. **The native . . . of him,** the greatness he has inherited, and the destiny that awaits him.

90. **No . . . claim,** no wrongful or perverse claim.—**Sinister** literally means "the left hand."

93. **Line,** pedigree, register of his descent.

95. **Willing you overlook,** desiring you to look or read over.

96. **Evenly,** directly, in a straight line.

99. **Indirectly,** wrongfully.

100. **Challenger,** claimant.

127. **In grant of,** by granting.

130. **Womby vaultages,** womb-like vaults.

131. **Chide**, resound.
 155. **Odds**, variance, quarrel.
 139. **The mistress court**, the best tennis court.
 153. **Breath**, breathing-space, a very short time.

ACT THIRD.

PROLOGUE.

1. **With imagin'd wing**, with the wing of imagination.
 4. **Appointed**, equipped. — **Hampton**, that is, Southampton.
 5. **Brave**, gay, splendid.
 12. **Bottoms**, vessels.
 14. **Rivage**, shore.
 18. **Grapple . . . navy**, follow with your minds astern of this navy.
 30. **To dowry**, for a dowry.
 31. **Some petty . . . dukedoms**, Tulle, Limoges, and Aquitaine.
 33. **Linstock**, a stick to hold the gunner's match; also spelt *lintstock*, from Dutch *lontstok*—*lont*, a match (cf. Scotch *lunt*), and *stok*, a stick. — **Chambers**, small pieces of ordnance.

SCENE I.

10. **Portage**, porthole, used for the socket of the eye.
 11. **O'erwhelm**, lower over.
 12. **A galled rock**, a rock worn away by the action of the water.
 13. **Jutty**, jut over. — **Confounded**, wasted.
 21. **For lack of argument**, because they had no longer any foes to fight.
 22. **Attest**, testify, prove.
 31. **Slips**, a noose or leash in which greyhounds are held before they are allowed to start after the game.

SCENE 2.

5. **A case of lives**, a set of lives, as we say "a case of pistols."
 21. **Avaunt**, begone. Fr. *avant*, forward—Lat. *ab*, from, *ante*, before. — **You cullions**, you cowardly fellows.
 23. **Duke**, leader, general. Fr. *duc*—Lat. *dux*, *ducis*, a leader. — **Men of mould**, mortal men.
 26. **Bawcock**, a term of endearment. Fr. *beau coq*, fine fellow.
 30. **Swashers**, swaggerers.
 33. **Antics**, oddities, buffoons. — **For**, as for.
 34. **White-livered**, cowardly.
 45. **Purchase**, booty, originally anything acquired honestly or dishonestly, proceeds of begging or stealing.

50. **Carry coals**, a proverbial expression for "do the dirtiest work."

54. **Pocketing up of wrongs**. Cf. our phrase, "pocket an affront."

65. **Discuss**, explain.

88. **God-den**, good evening.

120. **Lig**, lie. A.S. *liegan*.—**Grund**, ground, is the A.S. *grund*, perhaps from *grund-en*, pa.p. of *grindan*, to grind.

122. **Mary**, by the Virgin Mary; usually written "marry."

SCENE 3.

2. **Parle**, parley, conference.

8. **Half-achieved**, half-won.

11. **Flesh'd**, experienced in bloodshed.

23. **Precépts**, summons. It has this meaning in Shakespeare only when the accent is on the last syllable.

25. **Of**, on.

29. **Heady**, headstrong.

SCENE 5.

0. **But bastard Normans** an allusion to the base birth of William I., the Conqueror.—C. Ed.

12. **Slobbery**, sloppy, wet, marshy.

13. **Nook-shotten**. This contemptuous term may refer to the irregular outline of Britain, projecting into capes, shooting into nooks or angles. Knight interprets it as "the isle thrust into a corner, apart from the rest of the world."

14. **Mettle**. This is the same word as "metal," but used in a figurative sense.

17. **Sodden**, boiled.

18. **Drench**, a drink, or draught of physic. — **Sur-rein'd**, over-ridden.

22. **Roping**, hanging like ropes.

35. **More sharper**. Shakespeare uses both double comparatives and superlatives for the sake of greater emphasis.

57. **For achievement**, in order to bring matters to a *head* or end, to end the war. Fr. *achever—chef*, the head.

SCENE 6.

26. **Buxom**, lively, sprightly. It literally means "yielding," from A. S. *búgan*, to bow.

41. **He hath stolen a pax**. The pax or pix was a small plate containing a picture of the crucifixion or of the Saviour, on which the kiss of peace (hence its name) was bestowed in the Romish Church at the time of mass.

58. **Fico** or figo. "The use of this contemptuous word was accompanied by an insulting gesture, in which the thumb was thrust between the first and second fingers and the hand closed."

60. **The fig of Spain.** Poisoned figs are said to have been used in Spain for purposes of revenge.

72. **They will learn you, they will learn, look you.** "You" is redundant.

74. **Sconce,** an earthwork or fortification. Used also for the head.

77. **Con,** learn by heart.

92. **From the bridge,** concerning the bridge.

120. **Habit,** the uniform of a herald.

131. **Upon our cue,** for our turn to act has come. "Cue," a term of the stage, denoting "the last words of an actor's speech serving as a hint to the next speaker." O. Fr. *coe*, *queue* (Fr. *queue*). Lat. *cauda*, a tail.

146. **Quality,** "profession," "rank," in Shakespeare's time the technical term for the profession of an actor.

151. **Impeachment,** in its literal sense of "hindrance." O. Fr. *empescher* (Fr. *empêcher*), to hinder—Low Lat. *impedicare*, to fetter.—**To say the sooth,** to speak the truth. *Sooth* from A. S. *sooth*, truth.

171. **Fare,** M. E. *faren*—A. S. *faran*, to go; cog. with Ger. *fahren*, Gr. *poreuo*. From the same root are *far*, *ford*, *fiord*, *firth*, *fer-ry*, *ex-per-ience*, *ex-per-iment*, *per-il*, etc.

SCENE 7.

9. **Provided of,** where we would say "provided with."

13. **Pasterns,** the part of a horse's foot from the fetlock to the hoof.

14. **As if his entrails were hairs.** The reference is to tennis-balls, which were stuffed with hair.

15. **Pegasus,** the winged horse of the Muses.

18. **The pipe of Hermes,** the shepherd's pipe invented by the god Mercury, the Hermes of the Greeks.

22. **Perseus,** who slew Medusa, from whose blood Pegasus sprung.

23. **The dull elements,** etc., in allusion to the old theory that there were only four elementary substances, air, fire, earth, and water.

34. **The lodging,** the lying down.

42. **Writ,** as well as *wrote*, is thus used by Shakespeare. He also has *wrote* for *written*.

52. **Belike,** likely, perhaps.

53. **A kern,** a light-armed soldier.

54. **Strait strossers,** tight trowsers.

63. **A many.** This use of "a" some explain by a reference to the old noun "many," as it occurs in IV. iii. 95, "A many of our bodies," and in Sonnet 93: "In many's looks." It may also be explained by regarding the *many* collectively as *one* mass. Thus we say: "a few," "a score," etc.

77. **Go to hazard**, play at dice.
 91. **Still**, always.
 104. **Hooded . . . bate**. The reference is to hawking. The falcon, which was kept "hooded" till the game appeared, would sometimes hesitate in its flight, and "bate" or flap its wings.
 141. **Just**, just so.—**Sympathise**, are in harmony with, resemble.
 142. **Robustious**, boisterous and violent.
 146. **Shrewdly out of beef**, sorely in want of beef.

ACT FOURTH.

PROLOGUE.

1. **Entertain conjecture of**, imagine.
 2. **The poring dark**, the darkness through which it is necessary to look intently or closely.
 8. **Paly**, pale.
 9. **Battle**, army in battle array.—**Umber'd**, darkened with the shadows cast by the flames. "Umber," a brown pigment, so called because originally obtained from Umbria in Italy.
 12. **Accomplishing**, arming completely.
 20. **Tardy-gaited**, slow-pacing.
 23. **Watchful fires**, the fires by which they watch.
 39. **Attaint**, the force of weariness.
 45. **Mean and gentle**, high and low. *Mean*, properly of middle rank. *Gentle*, of good birth.
 47. **Little touch**, brief sketch.
 50. **Foils**, swordsmen.

SCENE I.

7. **Husbandry**, thrifty management.
 10. **Dress us fairly**, prepare ourselves aright.
 15. **Churlish**, rude. *Churl*, an ill-bred fellow, from A. S. *ceorl*, a countryman. Cf. Scotch *carl*; Ger. *Karl*.
 16. **Likes me**, pleases me.
 23. **Casted slough**, refers to the cast-off skin of a snake.—**Legerity**, nimbleness, activity — Fr. *légèreté* — *léger*, light.
 26. **Anon**, immediately. M. E. forms *anon*, *anoon*, *onan*—A. S. *on an*, lit. "in one (instant)."
 27. **Desire them all** (to come) to, etc.
 33. **I would**, I wish, I would have.
 38. **Discuss**, explain.
 39. **Popular**, vulgar. This was the meaning it bore in the time of Shakespeare.
 46. **Imp**, lit. a graft or shoot; then a child. The word has now become degraded in meaning.

56. **Saint Davy's day.** March 1, the festival of St. David, the titular saint of Wales.—C. Ed.

62. **God be with you.** This contraction becomes *God be wi' ye*, then *good-bye*.

64. **Sorts**, agrees.

67. **Admiration**, wonder.

99. **Sand**, sandbank.

105. **The element**, the sky.

113. **Possess him with**, impart to him.

121. **By my troth.** Cf. the modern expression, "Upon my word." *Troth*, merely another form of *truth*.—**I will speak my conscience**, I will speak what I know within my own mind.

144. **Rawly**, without due provision being made for them.

152. **Sinfully miscarry**, perish in their sins.

157. **Irreconciled**, not atoned for, unforgiven.

165. **Arbitrement**, decision.

173. **Native punishment**, the law of the land.

175. **Beadle**, messenger to bring them to justice, court-officer.

180. **Unprovided**, unprepared for death.

194. **Answer it**, answer for it.

205. **An elder-gun**, a toy gun, the barrel of which is made from a piece of an elder-tree branch, by pushing the pith out of it.

211. **Something too round**, somewhat too plain spoken.

220. The introduction of the incident of the "glove" into this scene is on a parallel with the affair of Portia's "ring."

199. **Enow**, the same word as *enough*.

249. **General**, public.

255. **Thy soul of adoration**, the thing in thee for which thou art adored.

264. **Blown**, the pa.p. of the verb *blow*, to bloom or blossom.

272. **Inter-tissued**, inwoven with gold thread or pearls.—Cl. Pr. Ed.

273. **The farced title**, the title stuffed or crammed with showy terms, as *His Most Gracious Majesty*, etc.

280. **Distressful**, earned by stress or dint of hard toil; or it may describe the coarse bread eaten by the peasant.

285. **Hyperion** = Phœbus or Apollo, who drives the chariot of the sun.

292. **Wots**, knows. The past is *wist*.

294. **Advantages**, benefits. The verb is singular through the attraction of the singular noun "peasant," which is nearer to it than its own subject. Some instances where the verb in *-s* agrees with a subject in the plural, are explained by the northern English inflection *-s* of the third person plural. Cf. "My old bones aches," "the imperious seas breeds monsters," and "his tears runs down".

304. **Compassing**, obtaining.

316. **Since . . . pardon**, since my own repentance is necessary for forgiveness.

SCENE 2.

3. **Varlet** is another form of *valet*, also *vaslet*, a diminutive of O. Fr. *vassal*, an attendant on a lord, a footman. It is now generally applied to a low fellow.

14. **Dout**, that is, do out, put out, extinguish. Cf. *don*, *doff*, *dup*.

23. **Shales** is a doublet of *shells*, and allied to *scale*, *skull*, *scalp*, *scallop*.

25. **Curtle-axe**, a short sword.

33. **Hilding**. Skeat derives this word from the older English *hilderling*, or *hinderling*, as if from *hinder*, the comparative of the adjective *hind*, with the meaning of base, degenerate.

35. **Speculation** has here its literal meaning of "looking on." from Lat. *specio*, I look.

39. **The tucket-sonance**, the sounding of the tucket, the introductory flourish of the trumpet.

45. **Curtains**, banners.

48. **Beaver**, the front part of a helmet.

52. **Down-roping**, dripping.

53. **The gimmel-bit**, the double or chain bit.

58. **Battle**, army.

64. **Guidon**, banner.

65. **Trumpet**, trumpeter.

SCENE 3.

2. **Rode**, for ridden.

28. **Yearns**, grieves.

42. **This day**, etc. The battle of Agincourt was fought on the 25th of October, 1415, the festival of St. Crispin.

52. **With advantages**, with exaggeration. "The story will lose nothing in the telling" (Wright).

59. **Crispin Crispian**. Crispinus and Crispianus were two Christians who suffered martyrdom under Diocletian, at Soissons, in France, either in 287 or in 303. As during their missionary labors they had exercised their trade of shoemaking, they ever afterwards were regarded as the patron saints of this handicraft.

65. **Gentle his condition**, make a gentleman of him.

71. **Bravely**, finely, splendidly.

72. **Expedience**, expedition, haste.

94. **Achieve me**, put an end to my life, kill me.

110. **In relapse of mortality**, "by a rebound of deadliness" (Schmidt). "In thy process of falling again into death."

133. **Vaward**, vanguard.

SCENE 4.

4. **Callino, Castore me!** This scrap of Pistol's turns out to be the name of an old Irish song. The English of it is, probably, young girl, my treasure!

8. **Perpend**, consider.

9. **Fox**, the cant term for a sword, from the figure of a fox being stamped on the blade as the cutler's mark.

13. **Moy**. Pistol imagines the Frenchman is speaking of *moidores*.

14. **Rim**, the diaphragm.

28. **Firk him, and ferret him**. *Firk*, to give a drubbing, to beat. *Ferret*, to throttle or worry as a ferret would a rabbit.

73. **This roaring devil i' the old play**. The devil frequently figured as one of the characters in the old moralities and mystery plays, and with the "Vice" created amusement for the spectators. The "Vice" (the original of the clown) would often belabor him soundly with a lath and send him roaring off the stage.

74. **A wooden dagger**, with which the "Vice" would attempt to pare the devil's nails.

SCENE 6.

8. **Larding**, garnishing, fattening. The duke of York was very corpulent.

35. **Issue**, water, shed tears.

SCENE 7.

58. **I was not angry** = I have not been angry.

64. **Skirr away**, scour or scud away.

72. **Fin'd**, pledged to pay as a fine.

77. **Book**, register in a book.

79. **Woe the while**, woe to the time. While is here in the dative case.

110. **Wear the leek upon Saint Tavy's Day**. In honor of a victory won by Prince Arthur over the Saxons, the Welsh soldiers were enjoined by St. David, their patron saint, to wear a leek in their caps, as the skirmish had been fought "in a garden where leeks did grow." St. David's Day is the 1st of March.

149. **A Jack-sauce**, a saucy jack, an impudent fellow.

162. **When Alençon and myself**, etc. "The king that daie shewed himselfe a valiant knight, albeit almost felled by the duke of Alanson; yet with plaine strength he slue two of the dukes companie, and felled the duke himselfe." (Holinshed.)

SCENE 8.

9. **'Sblood**, God's blood; it was used as an oath. Cf. *zounds* or *'swounds*, God's wounds.

ACT FIFTH.

PROLOGUE.

10. **Pales in**, hems in.

12. **Whiffler 'fore the king**. A whiffler, originally a "fifer" or "lute-player," then "a person who preceded a procession to clear the way."

17. The construction here is = "to have his bruised helmet, etc., borne before him."

21. **Signal and ostent**, external signs of honor.

30. **The general of our gracious empress**, Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, the favorite of Queen Elizabeth. In the spring of the year 1599, he was sent to Ireland with a large force to suppress Tyrone's rebellion. But in this he failed, and returned to London in the following September.

32. **Broachèd**, spitted, pierced through; from Fr. *broche*, an iron pin.

38. **The emperor's coming**, the emperor *is* coming. This was Sigismund, elected emperor of Germany in 1410.

43. **Remembering**, reminding.

SCENE I.

5. **Scald**, scurvy.

21. **Bedlam**, mad; a common name for a lunatic asylum, taken from Bethlem Hospital, London, which has existed for centuries.

23. **Parca's fatal web**. *Parcæ* was the name given in ancient mythology to the three weird sisters, the Fates.

31. **Cadwallader**, the last king of the Welsh. He lived about the year 660.

80. **Gleeking and galling**, jeering and scoffing.

85. **Condition**, temper, disposition.

87. **The huswife**, the jilt.

88. **Spital** is a contraction of "hospital," and in this form is common as a local name.

SCENE 2.

The conference at Troyes was held in 1420, five years after Henry landed at Dover in triumph from France; so Shakespeare has omitted the campaign of 1417-18, in which Rouen suffered a terrible siege, and Normandy was reduced.

1. **Wherefore** = for which.

17. **Basilisks**. A basilisk was a fabulous serpent, called also cockatrice, which was supposed to kill by its look. It was also a kind of ordnance.

31. **Congreeted**, greeted each other.

33. **Rub**, hindrance.

42. **Even-pleach'd**, intertwined so as to have a smooth or even appearance.
47. **Deracinate such savagery**, root up such wild growth.
48. **Erst**, formerly : A.S. *ærest*, superlative of *ær*, before.
52. **Kecksies**, a kind of hemlock.
63. **Reduce**, in its literal sense, to bring back.
65. **Let**, hindrance, obstacle. *To let*, to hinder, occurs in the Bible.
68. **Would**, wish, desire.
73. **Enschedul'd**, written down in a schedule, in writing.
77. **Cursorary**, cursory, hasty.
91. **Consign**, with its literal meaning, sign together.
97. **Capital**, chief.
139. **Undid**, would undo.
140. **Measure**, metre.
146. **Buffet**, box.
161. **Uncoined constancy**, constancy that has not been tampered with.
193. **Saint Denis**, Dionysius, the patron saint of France.
245. **Broken music**, music from different instruments not in harmony.
276. **Nice customs court'sy**, prudish customs bow or give way.
278. **List**, barrier.
297. **Condition**, disposition.
339. **Paction**, compact—Cl. Pr. Ed.

EXAMINATION PAPERS.

A.

1. What contrast has Shakespeare drawn between the French and English armies on the eve of the battle of Agincourt?
2. What are the allusions to Scotland in the play?
3. Comment on these passages :
 - (a) Consideration, like an angel, came, and whipped the offending Adam out of him.
 - (b) The air, a chartered libertine, is still.
 - (c) He's in Arthur's bosom, if ever man went to Arthur's bosom. 'A made a finer end, and went away an it had been any crustom child.
 - (d) 'Tis a hooded valor, and when it appears it will bate.
 - (e) The farcèd title running 'fore the king.
 - (f) So that the art and practic part of life
Must be the mistress to this theoric :
Which is a wonder, how his grace should glean it,
Since his addiction was to courses vain :
His companies unletter'd, rude, and shallow.
4. Briefly remark upon some of the grammatical peculiarities in Shakespeare, and quote instances of them from this play.
5. Explain : *The roaring devil i' the old play ; for he hath stolen a pax, and hanged must a' be.*

B.

1. What was the nature of Henry V.'s claim to the throne of France, and what special motive had he in asserting it at the commencement of his reign?
2. How far does this play illustrate the state of *home* affairs in the early part of Henry V.'s reign?
3. Describe the dying scene of Falstaff.
4. By whom and of whom were these lines spoken? Explain the allusions :—
 - (a) France hath in thee found out
A nest of hollow bosoms.
 - (b) A good soft pillow for that good white head
Were better than a churlish turf of France.
 - (c) And 'a babbled of green fields.
 - (d) Thou that didst bear the key of all my counsels.
 - (e) And a true lover of the holy church.

(f) We do not mean the coursing snatchers only.

(g) The king himself will be a clipper.

5. Quote instances where Shakespeare plays upon words.

C.

1. Give the reference in the play which partly determines the date of its production.

2. Explain the following phrases: *So idly king'd*; *King Lewis his satisfaction*; *a many of our bodies*; *we speak upon our cue*; *on point of fox*; *that nook-shotten isle*; *this wooden O*; *that is my rest*.

3. Explain the allusions in these passages:—

(a) The law Salique that they have in France.

(b) To kill us here in Hampton.

(c) This day is called the Feast of Crispian.

(d) O not to-day, think not upon the fault
My father made in compassing the crown.

(e) But taken and impounded as a stray
The king of Scots.

(f) The emperor's coming in behalf of France.

4. In what sense does Shakespeare use these words? Give instances: *Enlarge*; *flesh'd*; *argument*; *husbandry*; *rub*; *trumpet*; *she*; *hilding*; *quick*; *consign*; *let*; *shog*; *bottom*; *condition*; *battle*; *instance*.

5. Explain: *Tike*, *linstock*; *gimmel bit*; *curtle-axe*; *cursorary*; *buxom*; *rivage*; *sternage*; *pax*; *whiffler*; *corporal*; *ancient*.

D.

1. Trace the whole course of Henry's expedition, and give a short account of the state of things at the court of France.

2. Sketch the character of Fluellen.

3. What was a chorus? To what extent has Shakespeare employed it in *King Henry V.*?

4. Paraphrase, and add brief notes explaining the allusions:—

(a) Can this cockpit hold
The vasty fields of France? or may we cram
Within this wooden O the very casques
That did affright the air at Agincourt?
O, pardon! since a crooked figure may
Attest in little place a million;
And let us, ciphers to this great accompt,
On your imaginary forces work.

(b) While that the armèd head doth fight abroad,
The advisèd head defends itself at home;
For government, through high and low and lower,

Put into parts, doth keep in one consent ;
Congreeing in a full and natural close,
Like music.

- (c) In answer of which claim, the prince our master
Says that you savor too much of your youth,
And bid you be advis'd there's nought in France,
That can be with a nimble galliard won ;
You cannot revel into dukedoms there.
He therefore sends you, meeter for your spirit,
This sum of treasure ; and in lieu of this
Desires you let the dukedoms that you claim
Hear no more of you.

5. Give the derivation and Shakesperean meaning of these words :
*Achieve ; affiance ; exhale ; deracinate ; invention ; proportions ;
puissance ; resolved ; security ; speculation ; varward ; umbered ;
legerity.*

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